

# SHAKESPEARIANA.

"Age cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite variety."—ANT. & CLEO.

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## SHAKESPEARE'S AND GREEK TRAGEDY.

### I.

ANY careful and complete estimate of the relations of Shakespeare's tragedy to the old Greek plays would exceed the scope of an ordinary magazine article and much transgress the limits of the present occasion. The purpose of this paper is therefore confined to a brief view of the most obvious of those relations, with the design of calling attention to certain resemblances and differences that are so marked as to be conspicuous.

The birthplace of tragedy was the Greek stage, and the time of this birth more than five hundred years before our Christian era. Of its earliest beginnings little or nothing is known; and though Thespis is named as its founder, none of the works of this dramatist have escaped destruction. Æschylus is at once the earliest and grandest of the writers of Greek tragedy whose plays have come down to us, and he is declared in old Greek literature to be the originator of the divine art of making tragedy glorious. Having its origin perhaps a hundred years earlier, Greek tragedy was in its palmyest condition at Athens, where its grandest powers were exhibited, about 450 B. C. The century that followed this date represents the time when Greek art was in its most flourishing condition. Æschylus, it is true, died just before the commencement of the above-named century; but he was followed by a most worthy successor, Sophocles, who lived through nearly half of it, and in whom Greek tragedy found its best master. His tragedies were less grand than those of his predecessor, but he adorned them with greater elegance and grace and filled them in with interesting and well-managed dramatic details. The third of the great tragedy writers of Greece was Euripides, fifteen years younger than Sophocles, though the lat-

ter outlived him a few months. Euripides was the friend of Socrates and a writer of much elegance, but in dramatic power, sublimity, and poetical taste inferior to the two great tragedy writers before named, though his plays were greatly admired and familiarly quoted by his countrymen. After Euripides, Greek tragedy utterly declined, and nothing more really deserving that name was written.

In the beginning of the century which has been indicated as the flourishing time of Greek arts and the drama lived Pericles, and at the end of it Alexander; during this period flourished Plato, Aristotle, Themistocles, Thucydides, Phidias and Praxitiles, the sculptors; the painter, Apelles, and a host of others representing the perfection of Greek art, literature, learning, and philosophy. The age of Pericles has been so often and fully illustrated that its glories are familiar to most readers and need not here be dwelt upon; indeed, all the particulars which have just been given are common knowledge, and have been recapitulated merely for the sake of bringing to the reader remembrances of that famous time. In such an age the Greek theatre could not fail to reflect the artistic splendor that reigned in Athens. The most soul-stirring performances, where gods and heroes were grandly mingled, were set before the Athenian people, assembled in their stone-cut theatre of magnificent proportions on the Acropolis, to the number probably of fifty thousand. The Greek theatre had no such narrow limits and cramped field of action as ours, but was as vast in scope and license of poetical thought as it was in practical representation—a huge amphitheatre roofed by the blue skies of Greece, where, rising tier above tier in immense circles, were free seats for all citizens who chose, for the sake of intellectual entertainment or religious instruction—for Greek

tragedy often placed before its audiences the mighty gods of their mythology—to devote a day to the grand dramatic shows then presented. City and country poured their thousands into the magnificent theatre until the long rows of seats were filled with all ranks and classes of the free people from the lowest to the highest personages. Here came the men of literature, poets, philosophers, and historians; the men of art, sculptors, painters, and architects; the men of trade, the artisans—all degrees, ranks and kinds; and not only men but women—to witness representations that held them many hours in the excitements of awe, terror, or religious fervor; or, if comedies were shown, amusement and delight.

The theatre throughout Greece was held in universal respect and veneration, as well as admiration, and exercised great influence over the people, not only in matters of taste and religion, but as to things political—the management of politicians, then as now, seeking to pull in such direction as they wished the wires of public opinion. But this is not altogether to the present purpose.

It will be readily understood that for such a vast stage and immense audience tragedy must have been very grandly presented to have been effective, and that its manner of presentation must have greatly differed from that in vogue in our day. The stature of the actors was increased by a kind of boots, *Cothurni*, that raised them from the ground, and their faces were given a grand type of beauty by masks which are supposed to have contained mechanical contrivances for increasing the power of their voices. All this, with a chorus chanting at intervals, necessitated a lofty and dignified kind of drama. Accordingly, we find their tragedies were creations so different from English plays, and produced under such different conditions, that they defy any exact comparison of effects. The purpose, however, of their representation seems to have been in some respects identical with, though the methods were so unlike, that of the plays in which was revived the power of tragedy in England in the reign of Elizabeth. This purpose was to impress an audience with feelings of awe or horror, at the same time calling up images of sublimity, grandeur, pathos, and beauty, which, with the help of the highest poetical diction, should magnify man above the ills that were so greatly and dreadfully portrayed. So, in its highest type, tragedy, true to itself through all time, was the same in purpose in the two widely different ages which we have to consider; and this identity

may be held to be a constant cause of relations between the plays of the two eras.

After the great century of flourishing Greek art, at which we have glanced, and with the decline of true taste and that spirit of noble enthusiasm for the beautiful and the grand which characterized it, died the glory of tragedy, not to be revived in the world for nearly two thousand years. Then it suddenly sprung up to a seeming perfection, to again as quickly and surely decline. Shakespeare was the *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides* of this dramatic *renaissance*, combining in his single genius the grand conceptive power of the first, the elegance of the second, and the subtle analysis of character and study of human passions that belonged to the third of the great Greek dramatists. But let not this be misunderstood as meaning to say that Shakespeare stood in his age as the only exponent of dramatic power. While his immeasurable scope of genius made his plays greatly surpass all others, embracing and overshadowing the peculiar merits of each of his contemporaries and all the dramatists of his era, yet was his age marked by a group of dramatic poets of wonderful genius and power, whose works have only been surpassed by their one great master. As *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, *Aristophanes*, and others of that time, at once elevated Greek tragedy to its highest degree of perfection, so *Marlowe*, *Shakespeare*, *Jonson*, *Fletcher*, *Webster*, *Massinger*, *Dekker*, *Ford*, *Chapman*, and their contemporaries raised English tragedy; and after these, neither in Greece nor England, came any dramatic ability that could sustain the splendor of tragedy as did the two groups of gifted writers that have been named.

Although it would be interesting to trace analogies between the age of *Pericles* and that of Elizabeth, and the causes in both that led to the subsequent decay of dramatic art, in which it would be found that certain relations between the glory and decline of the drama were common to each of these eras, yet this would occupy too much of our limited space, and we must go on to more obvious and remarkable relations.

In connection with the resemblance between the sudden rise and as quick decline of tragedy in Greece and England, we must glance at the great contrast which was exhibited by the estimation in which dramatic art was held by each in the time of its most brilliant successes. Greek tragedy was supported by the State with the greatest magnificence and was held in respect and admiration by the people, as has been already intimated. The opulence and artistic splendor of that wonderful age combined to lavish on

it every help and grace in their power to bestow, and the rulers and dignitaries of the Athenian oligarchy graced it with their frequent presence and contributed their personal aid to its embellishment and management. The reverse of these conditions obtained in the time of the revival of the drama in England. It had no support, but on the contrary persecution by the State. The actors were held in low repute, were oppressed by the laws, and the exercise of their calling frequently construed into crime by ignorant or bigoted magistrates and law-makers. The writers of tragedy were thought to degrade poetry by putting it upon the dramatic stage, and their compositions were denied the recognition of merits justly due them and which would have been readily accorded if they had been devoted to any other service. Instead of in magnificent stone-quarried theatres, tragedy was compelled to bring forth its effects in small, mean, insignificant buildings altogether inadequate to give it a fair opportunity, and crowded in such narrow space as tended to destroy all the grandeur of its actions, all the splendor of its illusions. Even the people who frequented its exhibitions held it in low estimation and believed that they were gratifying a somewhat vulgar taste. It received little help from wealth or the influence of those in power or high station. In spite of all this, however, the force of genius broke down the barriers that ignorance and prejudice sought to build against it, and the glory of the age was born of what it deemed its meanest and most degraded classes and conditions, sending down its light to succeeding time through a generation that was, by reason of prejudice and conditions, incapable of largely appreciating the miracle that was wrought in its midst.

Tragedy, by Shakespeare's genius, was differently dressed from its Greek prototype and breathed a different spirit, but its effect upon audiences was, as before mentioned, much the same. Its power was due to that intellectual force which vividly pictured forth the grand conceptions of an original and highly imaginative mind and the art employed in their embellishment. Tragedy is a form of art and appeals to us in the same way that a statue or a painting does. As it is the object of tragedy to strongly impress, the true artist endows his work with every form of power at his command, until that work thus becomes a delineation of the forces and imaginations of his soul. Art is a glorification of truth, therefore tragedy must, in its best, possess this element of power. But as when a sculptor builds his statue into colossal proportions to suggest the greatness

of his hero by the grandeur of its beauty he does not violate the truth of the conception which gives form to his work, so when Greek tragedy was elevated greatly above the plane of ordinary life it was done to create impressions of grandeur and power; and Shakespeare's tragedy bears this resemblance to its older models in being magnified above the ordinary forms and ways of life for the same purpose.

Prometheus, chained to the Scythian rock and enduring the wrath of the gods, unconquerable in spirit and unflinching in his generous love of men, is a sublime picture, to which the poet has added pathos to grandeur, while, at the same time, he has surrounded his hero with mysterious and tragic horrors.

Of a like kind with the feelings which such a situation excites are those produced in an audience where King Lear is exposed to the fury of a pitiless tempest by the ingratitude of his daughters. His fault, like that of Prometheus, is a fault of love, which, in his case, has stripped him of the power of his kingdom to endow with it the hands of his persecutors.

Some one has said that English tragedy is to the Greek as a painting to a statue: the one has warmth of coloring, while the other is cold and statuesque, although in both there may be the same beauty of delineation. This seems true in several respects. English tragedy is more filled with well-defined characters and the movement of events; and the passions of the persons of the drama, as they flash and burn, color the scene with vivid lights almost unknown to the Greek stage; this is like the various detail of subordinate things and the lights and shadows of a painting. But the old Greek plays have a grand and majestic repose, producing their effects by the grandeur and striking force of a situation, rather than by the result of continued movements or any details of individual passion.

Orestes is placed by the Greek dramatist in the temple of Delphi, surrounded by the dreadful Erinnys that avenge the slaying of his mother, and supplicating Apollo and Minerva, who appear in person, to remove from him the terrible haunting from which he suffers. His terrors that merge into madness, the frightful persecution of the snake-haired Furies, the majestic temple, and the venerated forms of the deities make an impressive situation that, even in its statuesque repose, would strike an audience with awe and horror.

Almost, nay, quite as dreadful is the situation of Shakespeare's hero, Hamlet, a young and intellectual prince, called by the awful ghost of his father—"the majestic of buried

Denmark"—to avenge a fratricidal murder upon his guilty King, who by a complication of miseries is his uncle and father-in-law. But Hamlet is presented in no awful repose; he is driven through the play like chaff before the wind. It is not here the dreadful situation of the hero that produces the most intense effects. It is the storm of events without and within—the pressure of outward circumstances and the persecution of terrifying thoughts in the heart and brain of the hero, driving his crazy steps through an intricate maze toward a tragic end. A madman, possibly conscious of his malady, always driven by it along a dizzy path, while still his bosom is haunted by high and noble thoughts, self-condemnation and a nightmare of duty forever crying to him to redden his hands in blood, to become the avenger of his slain father, while at the same time a scoffing demon turns him hither and thither with diabolical ingenuity.

A famous critic has written, and many have echoed the thought: "If you deprive Hamlet of reason there is no truly tragic motive left. He would be a fit subject for Bedlam, but not for the stage. If Hamlet is irresponsible, the whole play is a chaos." How false these statements are becomes at once apparent when we turn to other mad heroes of tragedy. Of the Greeks, there is Ajax, as drawn by Sophocles, a figure in some part of whose characterization Milton undoubtedly found a suggestion of the splendid creation of his Jewish hero,

"Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,"

The invincible crusader against Troy is delineated in Sophocles' tragedy as so insane, so utterly mad, as to be the prototype of Don Quixote in that mad man's famous onslaught upon a flock of sheep. Ajax cut to pieces great numbers of the cattle taken by the Greeks in the spoil of Troy, thinking he was destroying the Argive host, and brought back other cattle in chains, as his prisoners, to scourge and revile them in his tent. Throughout the play he is never other than mad, though he does not always think that cattle are men. Then there is Orestes, insane through the persecution of the Furies, and the Hercules of Euripides, who in his insanity slew his wife and children. The Greeks knew that madness is a true element of tragedy, and used it with splendid effects. Shakespeare, too, either borrowing the thought from these ancient instances that have been mentioned or conceiving it by the inspiration of his own genius, has used madness with grand effects in *King Lear*. Who dares to call that play a chaos? or say that Lear is out of place in tragedy and fit only for Bedlam? I would rather have Shakespeare's opinion, as shown by his use, than the critics'. This example is so convincing, so overthrowing to all argument against it, that further evidence is superfluous, and there is no need of citing the other notable cases of madmen in tragedy that can be found. Whoever denies that madness may be effectively and artistically used in tragedy is either forgetful of these instances or a special pleader.

*Miriam Leighton Jr.*

## THE PORTRAITS OF SHAKESPEARE.

### XVII. THE STACE PORTRAIT.

MACHELL STACE, from whom this portrait receives its name, was a bookseller and dealer in pictures, who formerly resided in Middle Scotland Yard, London. Prior to 1811 Stace bought this picture from a Mr. Linnell, of Streatham Street, Bloomsbury, who had purchased it of a Mr. Tuffing, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. It had been sold at auction, with other pictures which belonged to John Graham, Esq. He had purchased it of a Mr. Sathard, who kept a tavern called the "Old Green Dragon Public House." Sathard bought it at a sale at another tavern rejoicing in the classic name of the "Three Pigeons," where it was said to have been for many years.

Such is the pedigree of this portrait as given by Stace. Whether it is founded on fact or drawn from his imagination there is now no means of ascertaining.

The first thing that strikes one on seeing this picture is that the eyes are too large. The hair is thick and long, the nose fine, and the mouth good. A small moustache and goatee are all the beard that the figure has. The costume is plain, with a small collar. Stace stated that it represented the poet at the age of thirty-three, but he forgot to tell us how he fixed the exact age.

In 1811 the portrait was engraved by R. Cooper, who made a large and striking plate.

In 1827 W. Holl copied this print of Cooper's for Wivell's *Inquiry*. It is a good copy.

### XVIII. THE GILLILAND PORTRAIT.

This picture was formerly the property of Thomas Gilliland, Esq., of London. Mr. Gilliland stated (April 3d, 1827) that he purchased the portrait from a dealer, who had bought it at the Custom House. Gilliland cut it from a canvas about three feet square, which contained several other portraits of the same style. He then had the canvas mounted on a board.

The picture is entirely different from all others which have been put forward as portraits of Shakespeare. The face is a three-quarter view, the cheek bones are high and prominent, and the cheeks thin. The moustache is full, and the beard a thick bunch on the chin. The hair is quite long and waving. The costume represents a loose gown, with a large plain collar worn over it.

The portrait was well engraved by W. Holl, in 1827, for Wivell's *Inquiry*.

### XIX. THE JENNINGS MINIATURE.

This miniature is contained in a concave enamelled gold locket, which was formerly set with jewels. It was the property of H. Constantine Jennings, of Battersea, who had borrowed six or seven hundred pounds on its security, and that of an old missal, from a Mr. Webb. Either the jewels which the locket formerly contained were valuable, or the missal was of great rarity and value, or else Mr. Webb fared badly, for when the miniature and locket were put up for sale at Christies', in London, in February, 1827, it was bought by Charles Auriol, Esq., for nine pounds ten shillings. It had also been owned by a Mr. Wise.

Jennings claimed to have traced the possession of the miniature back to the Southampton family, but no proof of this exists.

The miniature is well painted, and the features well drawn except the nose, which is defective. The forehead is high, the beard full, as in the Chandos portrait; the ruff, which is of lace, very large; the costume white and much ornamented. Only the head and shoulders are shown. Wilson (*Shakespeareana*, 16mo, London, 1827) was of opinion that "there appears upon the face of this picture a stamp of undoubted originality," and Wivell (*Inquiry*) says "that the picture is intended for the poet, and is of antiquity, I have no doubt."

On the side of the picture, on the background, appear the letters *ÆT* 33.

A beautiful engraving of the miniature was made in 1827, by W. Holl, for Wivell's *Inquiry*.

### XX. THE WINSTANLEY PORTRAIT.

On February 10th, 1819, Thomas Winstanley, an auctioneer, of Liverpool, wrote a letter to the *Literary Gazette* which was published February 20th, 1819. In this he described a portrait of Shakespeare in his possession, which he stated he had purchased from a dealer, who had obtained it from a pawnbroker. Winstanley also said that a friend, whose opinion on a work of art was of much value, had pronounced it to be the work of Paul Vansomere; that it was in a fine state of preservation, and had the appearance of having been painted in Shakespeare's time.

Winstanley continues: "The picture shows only the head and a small part of the shoulders, the size of life. The dress is black, with a white collar thrown over the shoulders and tied before with a cord and tassels. The portrait is under an arch, in the inside of which run the holly, the ivy, and the mistletoe. Under the portrait are two laurel leaves, on which are written, in old English characters, the following lines:

"As Holly, Ivie, Miseltoe defie the wintrye blast  
Despite of chillinge Envie, soe thy well earned  
fame shall laste  
Then lette the ever-living laurel beare  
Thy much loved name O Will Shakspeare.  
"B. I."

Ben Jonson never wrote such stuff as this, and the duplication of the consonants is more than suspicious.

But the painter of this portrait is known to have been W. F. Zincke, who made a business of forging pictures. He bought the picture originally from a Mr. Piercy. It then represented an elderly female, but Zincke altered her features into a semblance of Shakespeare's! Having finished his alterations, he sold the picture to a pawnbroker named Benton, who in turn parted with it to a friend of Winstanley, and from him Winstanley obtained it.

It is said that four or five hundred pounds was the price asked for it by Winstanley, but no record of its sale has been preserved.

An engraving from this picture, in outline, was published, with the four lines of "verse" given above.

#### XXI. THE BOARDMAN MINIATURE.

This picture, which is on copper, is seven and a quarter inches high and five and a half inches wide. It is framed with an old carved oak frame, painted black, and is in the possession of G. W. W. Firth, Esq., a surgeon, residing in Norwich, England. On the top of the frame there is a scroll, with the arms of Shakespeare, his crest, and motto: "Non sanz droict." Underneath the arms appears the following inscription in gilt capital letters:

"OF RIGHT WE HAYLE THREE MAYSTER OF THE GLOBE;  
THEE WHOM BEN'S VENOM'D SHAFTE OR SNAREFUL  
PRAISE  
HAVE NEERE HAD POWER TO BEREAVE OR ROBBE  
O' THE POET'S HIGHEST MEED, THE LIVING  
BAYES."

The last words are in larger capitals than the rest, and under them is a sprig of laurel or bay.

The picture represents the figure as far as

the knees. Shakespeare is standing, with a pen in his hand, in the favorite style of composing, which we all know is never seen in real life. The costume resembles that of the Chandos portrait, with linen collar and strings. The eyes are large, the forehead high, the hair a dark brownish black. The moustache resembles that on the Stratford bust, and the upper lip, also like that bust, is long. In fact, the whole appearance of the face resembles very much that on the effigy over the poet's tomb, but the expression is not so forcible and the complexion is darker.

The background has gold rubbed over it, and a curtain which is seen in the picture also has gold on it. Traces of the gold dust are also to be seen on the eyes and hair. In one corner of the picture is a small sketch of the Globe Theatre, with flag.

It long was the property of Mr. Boardman, an antiquarian of Norwich. He purchased it of an auctioneer named Izard, and paid in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds for it. An offer of five hundred pounds made by a clergyman named Fisk, was refused by Boardman, who retained possession of it until his death, when it passed to Firth, who was Boardman's trustee. Where Boardman obtained it or any other details of its history are not known.

#### XXII. THE CHALLIS PORTRAIT.

Thomas Challis, Esq., a banker, residing in West Smithfield, England, purchased this portrait from one of his old clerks. He had bought it at an auction sale of the effects of one Dr. Black. These meagre details are all that are known concerning it.

It is a three-quarter length portrait, painted on a panel which has become cracked in two places. These cracks have been carefully repaired and the background and the costume of the figure repaired. The cracks did not pass through the face, which is in a good state of preservation.

Friswell saw this portrait prior to 1864 and thus describes it: "The head, which is a fine one, looks too narrow for that of Shakespeare. The forehead is high, but not very broad; the complexion fair, with a brown tint; the eyes a dark gray, so shaded that they appear, unless closely looked into, to be hazel; the nose long, thin, and aquiline, approaching to Roman; the upper lip very short, covered with a brown-red moustache; the hair, which curls naturally, is a true red auburn. The look of the portrait is neither so open nor so generous as that of the bust, the Droeshout, or the Chandos portrait.  
\* \* \* \* The mouth and moustache are

the features which most resemble the received portraits, with the exception, before stated, that the upper lip is very short.

"The dress is remarkable: a large, wide-spreading, curiously open-worked, Spanish collar, which extends from shoulder to shoulder, and exhibits the neck nearly to the collar-bone, gives a foreign appearance to the picture; nor does the face detract from this appearance. The dress is excellently painted, and is of a slate color, worked, shaded and bound with black. In one corner of the picture we find the date and age, *Æt. 46, 1610*; the age, of course, corresponds with that of Shakespeare at that period. The neck, as we have noticed, much exposed, is ill drawn; with this exception, in both drawing and execution the picture is admirable."

He further adds that it is evidently a painting of the time of James I, and that it bears a considerable resemblance to the Death Mask.

#### XXIII. THE O'CONNELL PORTRAIT.

This portrait, which has no history, was, in 1864, in the possession of J. O'Connell, Esq., of Gresham Street, London, who claimed it to be the work of Garrard. It is in very bad condition, owing to bad usage and the thinness of the colors and want of body. The forehead is high, the eyes of a bluish brown, and the hair and the beard flaxen. Its general appearance is like the Jansen portrait, and the collar is similar. The costume has been touched with gold. Mr. O'Connell is of the opinion that the whole background (which is now reddish brown) was originally gold. The hair has been covered with auburn, but the flaxen color shows in places, and the beard is of the original flaxen tint.

#### XXIV. THE LIDDELL PORTRAIT.

This picture is painted on an oak panel, and is three-quarter size. It was purchased by Thomas Liddell, Esq., of Portland Place, London, from a Mr. Lewis, of Charles Street, Soho, for thirty-nine pounds. It strongly resembles the Stratford bust, but Wivell noticed, when he went to see it (prior to 1827) that the hair, beard, mouth, and ruff seemed to have been altered from their original appearance. Thinking that these alterations might be the work of Edward Holder, who had made many spurious portraits of Shakespeare, he suggested this to Mr. Liddell, and proposed to

bring Holder with him again to see the picture. Holder came to Wivell's house, and before the latter had even mentioned Mr. Liddell's name to him, Holder asked whether the picture they were going to see was in that gentleman's possession. While on their way to Mr. Liddell's house Wivell cautioned Holder not to deceive the owner of the picture, but to tell the truth about it. Holder stated that he "had repaired no more than a small place in the cheek, and glazed the hair."

As soon as they entered the room where the picture was, Holder pointed it out, and remarked that he "believed the portrait to be the most perfect and genuine of Shakespeare, and considered its value at two or three hundred pounds." The owner of the picture, however, thought it worth double that much.

Wivell questioned Holder further, asking him if he had not altered the mouth, the beard, and the ruff. He acknowledged that he had painted on the hair and the ruff, but not the beard. Wivell replied that he must have done so, as it was different from the moustache, which he believed to be genuine.

Finally Holder acknowledged having purchased the picture from a Mr. Bryant, of Great Ormond Street. Going to Bryant, Wivell was informed by him that he had never sold the picture as a portrait of Shakespeare. Later Holder told Wivell that he had bought it at another shop, at the corner of Charles and Oxford Streets. Wivell went there with Holder, and while they were there Bryant happened to come in. He blamed Holder for having wrongfully stated the facts, and Wivell induced Bryant to accompany him to Mr. Liddell's. They went to that gentleman's house, and Bryant said that he was positive that the picture had been altered in the nose, the forehead made higher, the hair repainted, and an earring added. A date which was originally in one corner, and which Bryant stated was after Shakespeare's death, had been painted out since he had had the picture.

On the following day Mr. Liddell called on Wivell and told him that a distinguished artist had assured him that the portrait was a genuine one. An appointment was then made for this artist, Holder, and Wivell to meet at Mr. Liddell's house to examine the picture again. Wivell went, but was disgusted to find that Mr. Liddell had gone out of town, and no one else keeping the engagement, he had his trouble for his pains.

*J. Parker Norris*

## JOHN WEBSTER: ANNALS OF HIS CAREER.

So little is known of John Webster, and that little has been so carefully gathered up by Mr. Dyce, that it may seem supererogatory to devote a special notice to the chronology of his theatrical work. It will, however, be found by the readers of this article that, whereas it has been hitherto supposed that all his principal plays were post Shakespearian and their author one of the playwright mushrooms who grew up under the shadow of the Shakespearian oak, in reality he was one of Shakespeare's most powerful rivals and that their careers ended almost contemporaneously. This fact is most important in our stage history, and ignorance of it has led our critics into many serious errors.

1601, November.—Under this date there are several entries in Henslowe's Diary in connection with a play called *The Guise*; or, *The Massacre of France*, which is mentioned by Webster in the dedication to *The Devil's Law Case* as one of his works.

1602, May 22.—Webster, Monday, Drayton, Middleton, "and the rest" received five pounds in earnest of *Cæsar's Fall*.

1602, May 29.—Webster, Monday, Drayton, Middleton, and Dekker received three pounds in final payment for a play called *Too Harpes*.

The two foregoing plays were written for the Admiral's men playing at the Fortune.

1602, October 15-27.—Chettle, Dekker, Heywood, Smith, and Webster were engaged on two plays called the first and second parts of *Lady Jane*. A mutilated condensation of these, containing in all probability only the portions contributed by Dekker and Webster, was published in 1607 under their names as *The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt*.

1602, November 2-26.—Webster, Dekker, Heywood, and Chettle were engaged on a play called *Christmas Comes but Once a Year*. These two plays were produced at the Rose by Worcester's men.

1604.—Webster wrote the Induction to Marston's play, *The Malcontent*, for the King's men at the Globe. See my article on Marston in *SHAKESPEARIANA*, March, 1884. This play was entered S. R. July 2d, 1604.

1604, November.—Dekker and Webster produce *Westward Ho!* for the children of Paul's. The date of this play is fixed by the allusion to it in the Prologue to *Eastward Ho!* on the one hand and by the notice of the holding out of Ostend in I, i, on the

other. *Eastward Ho!* was produced at Christmas, 1604, and Ostend was taken September 12th in the same year. The action of the play is in November, a fortnight after St. Luke's Day (October 18th), IV, i.

1604-5 (? February).—The same authors write *Northward Ho!* for the same children's company. The date is fixed relatively to *Westward Ho!* in I, iii: "Those poor wenches that before Christmas fled Westward with bag and baggage, come now sailing alongst the lee shore with a northerly wind." Both the preceding plays, as well as *Sir T. Wyatt*, were published in 1607, *Northward Ho!* only being entered on August 6th in that year. Up to this point Webster worked only in conjunction with others or as reformer of other men's work, for *The Guise* play was in all probability a new casting of Marlowe's old one on the same subject. It is noticeable that the three plays of this period which were published were all written in conjunction with Dekker, who had evidently the chief hand in them, Webster being merely an assistant.

1607.—This is the most likely date for *Appius and Virginia*. The allusion to the way "in which Dutchmen feed their soldiers" and the final tag, which evidently alludes to Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, one of its author's early plays, suit this date very well. At the same time, I must say there is no definite evidence of the exact year of production of this play. There is presumptive evidence of its relative position among Webster's works. The style, metre, and characterization point to an early date, and the fact of its being one of the plays in the Cockpit list of 1639 shows that it must have been one of the plays written by Webster for Queen Anne's company, because W. Beeston did not derive any of his plays from any other company for whom Webster wrote. The play was not published till 1654.

1608.—*The White Devil; or, Vittoria Corombona*, was published in 1612, but not entered in S. R. It was acted by Queen Anne's servants in a dull time of winter in an open black theatre and wanted a full and understanding auditory. All this we learn from Webster's address to the Reader, written after he had (as we shall see) left writing for the Queen's actors and joined the King's men at the Globe. Dyce, in defiance of the fact that the Phoenix or Cockpit was not built in 1612, tells us that this was the open black

theatre at which this play was produced. It was, on the contrary, a private house, small and comfortable. He knew scarcely any more of the history of our theatres than Collier, and was misled by the title-page of the second edition, from which we learn that in 1631 the play had been acted by Queen Henrietta's men at the Phoenix. Malone and Steevens cannot understand what a *black* theatre is and propose to read *bleak* or *blank*. A black theatre merely means a *dark* one, and the open dark theatre at which the Queen's men acted was the Curtain. The date is therefore probably earlier than the occupation of the Bull by the Queen's men in 1609, and very possibly in the cold winter of 1608. R. Perkins, who pronounced the epilogue, was at that time a member of Queen Anne's company.

Before leaving this play I must mention the fact that I am aware of the existence of an *enlarged* version of the *Elegy on Burbadge* in which the part of Brachiano is stated to have been performed by that actor. This would necessarily imply that the play was produced at the Globe by the King's men, which we know was not the fact. That *enlarged* version is an impudent forgery, and those who have written in defense of it are either very ignorant or very credulous.

1609-10.—In 1623 was published *The Devil's Law Case*, and, says Dyce, it must have been written "but a short time before" because of an allusion to the Amboyné massacre in IV, ii. Dyce is here doubly unfortunate. Not only would such an allusion prove nothing—for it might have been a subsequent insertion—but, since the news did not reach England for two years, the play must, on Dyce's hypothesis, have been written, acted, and sent to press within two months at the utmost! The real date of the play is fixed in IV, ii, when Romelio is thirty-eight years old, and was born in 1572, the year after the battle of Lepanto. This brings us to 1610 as our date of production. That the date of the action in the play was extended to be identical with the date of performance is clear from Winifred's appealing to her memory of two great frosts (viz.: 1554, 1607-8), and three great plagues (1570, 1593, 1603). If the plagiarism of a passage in I, ii, from Jonson's *Devil is an Ass* be alleged in favor of a later date on Dyce's authority, I reply that Jonson was the plagiarist. I have shown on previous occasions how he "borrowed" from Fletcher and Marlowe.

1612.—*The Duchess of Malfy* was undoubtedly acted about this year by the King's men at the Globe. Malone rightly

states this and connects this production with the printing of the *White Devil*; that is, with the address to the Reader, in which Webster shows his animosity to the Queen's players, which he would not have done had he not obtained a superior position. Dyce, after objecting to "such conjectures," that is, to conjectures with a reasonable basis, afterward tells us that the play "was originally produced" about 1616, for which statement there is absolutely no foundation whatever. He shows further the nature of his feelings toward Malone, who was in every way greatly his superior, by remarking that "Malone ought to have been aware that the Prologue to *Every Man in His Humour*, in all probability was written when that play was first acted in 1595 or 1596." Seeing that we have Jonson's own authority that the play was first acted in 1598, and clear evidence in the second version of the play that it (with the Prologue) was produced in 1607, Mr. Dyce ought to have been more careful of his strictures.

If my view of Webster's career be correct—and no other internally consistent one has hitherto been presented—he worked for the Admiral's company from November, 1601, till May, 1602; for the Earl of Worcester's in October, November, 1602; wrote an Introduction for the King's men in 1604, and parts of plays for the Paul's boys in November, 1604, and February, 1605. When this boys' company broke up in 1607 he joined Queen Anne's men and for them wrote three plays without a co-adjutor. In 1612 he left them and joined the King's men, for whom he wrote his masterpiece, *The Duchess of Malfy*, and here for us his connection with the stage ends. It is true that in 1624 he aided Ford, then a young author who had not produced any single-handed play, to write a domestic tragedy for the Cockpit company called *A Late Murder of the Son upon the Mother*, but the aid was probably more superintendence than substantial co-operation, and in the same year, 1624, while Middleton was in disgrace for his *Game of Chess*, Webster wrote the City pageant in his place, *The Monuments of Honor*; but these are of slight importance, or rather of none. Practically, Webster's real career lies in the six years during which he wrote his four great plays; these years coincide with the Fourth Period of Shakespeare. Webster prolonged the third period of the great master, that of stormy tragedy, while the master himself was settling into the philosophic calm which marks his latest epoch; and of all the rival imitators of these tragedies he came the nearest to them in time as in merit; he earned, like

Beaumont, by working in inferior theatres, the privilege of contributing during one year to the repertoire of the stage that had been trodden by Shakespeare, and like him, having attained this eminence, he withdrew from the theatre altogether, to be succeeded by yet many a great name, but not by any that in tragedy could surpass the two whose plays were the last to be produced before the fatal fire of 1613 on the boards that had been hallowed by the presence of our greatest writer and all but greatest actor.

As to *The Thracian Wonder* it is not believed by any one now to be by Webster. *The Cure for a Cuckold*, in which Dyce finds evidence of Webster's work, is palpably by Row-

ley and Massinger, and was produced in 1625. [See my paper on Fletcher and Massinger, which was sent to the *Englische Studien* in November, 1883, and will probably be printed about the same time as the present paper.] Both the plays have precisely the same external evidence of Webster's authorship; that is to say, they were printed in 1661 by Kirkman as "written by John Webster and William Rowley." Kirkman's statements have not the slightest value, and are equally valid or invalid for both plays. Nevertheless, one play being better than the other, critics have been pleased to claim the better one for Webster.

*F. G. Fleay*

LONDON, July, 1884.

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#### THE NAMES.

SHAKESPEARE!—To such name's sounding, what succeeds  
 Fitly as silence? Falter forth the spell,—  
 Act follows word, the speaker knows full well,  
 Nor tampers with its magic more than needs.  
 Two names there are: That which the Hebrew reads  
 With his soul only, if from lips it fell,  
 Echo, back thundered by earth, heaven, and hell,  
 Would own "Thou didst create us!" Naught impedes.  
 We voice the other name, man's most of might,  
 Awesomely, lovingly; let awe and love  
 Mutely await their working, leave to sight  
 All of the issue as—below—above—  
 Shakespeare's creation rises; one remove,  
 Though dread—this finite from that infinite.

ROBERT BROWNING, in *The Shakespearian Show-Book*.

## Contributors' Table.

### PRIZE EXAMINATION ON THE PLAY OF OTHELLO.

[At a prize examination on the play of *Othello* at Hollins Institute, Virginia, conducted by Prof. Wm. Taylor Thom, the following questions were given to and answered by Miss Fanny E. Ragland, a pupil. They comprise exclusively the æsthetic part of the examination.—Ed.]

- (31). *Shakespeare's Iago as compared with the original of the character?*

Cinthio's Iago is merely the cunning villain which one may meet with not unfrequently in every-day experience. Shakespeare's Iago is the impersonation of an almost superhuman intellect unrestrained by any moral law. The latter is an infinitely higher type of creative genius.

- (32). *Character and motives of Iago. Is the character a logical and self-consistent one in its developments?*

Iago is the perfect villain. He neither respects moral beauty as seen in Desdemona, nor the grand nobleness of the mighty-souled Othello. All things pure and noble in their nature are looked upon as far beneath his "learned spirit." As Mr. Hudson says, Iago is "severely introversive," and is only satisfied by dipping what is good into his own villainy and bringing it forth reeking in the filth of his own evil nature.

The purest of all sentiments is, in his mind, a mere "Lust of the blood and a permission of the will;" it is utterly foreign to his nature. Indeed, we cannot even conceive of Iago's loving anything.

As in *Macbeth* we may, perhaps, regard the "Weird Sisters" as the personification of the evil existing in Macbeth's mind, so Iago may be regarded as the personification of *all* evil, the superlative degree of evil of which the Witches are merely the positive. To Iago, and in an intensified sense,

"Fair is foul and foul is fair."

The very quintessence of his nature is the consummate power which he possesses of reversing the order of good and evil so as to make the good appear the evil, as when he turns Desdemona's generous solicitations in behalf of Cassio into solicitations for her own destruction as it finally proves to be; and the evil into the good, *i. e.*, in his own mind, as when, after urging Cassio to entreat re-admission through Desdemona, he says:

"And what's he then that says I play the villain?  
When this advice is free I give and honest,  
Probal to thinking and indeed the course  
To win the Moor again."

With the other characters of the play his villainous intellect sports and trifles at will. Roderigo is the instrument with which he works his diabolical plan. In the re-union scene (Act II, i), where the happiness of husband and wife seems almost too exquisite, we find Iago glorying and exulting in the sad havoc he is soon to make within their Eden; he here appears more cruel than Milton's Satan, who feels some pity and remorse on seeing the happiness which he is about to destroy. The consummate skill with which

he links together in one continuous chain his many plans for evil is a striking mark of Iago's genius. Another thing to be remembered is that the Poet has not made Iago an old man, hardened by disappointments and contact with this rough world. We would generally suppose this to be the case, but Iago tells us himself that he is only twenty-seven, a young man, and hence his innate, inveterate, instinctive villainy seems more horrible. We can almost forgive a man, hardened and changed by the unrelenting hand of fate, but we feel the deepest repulsion for the naturally and instinctively mean man. As to Iago's motives much has been said. He says that the Moor and Cassio have wronged him, so report goes, but we see from his conduct afterward that he does not really believe this report; besides, this would be no adequate cause for the terrible effect which he brings about. Coleridge speaks of Iago's alleged motives as "The motive-hunting of a motiveless malignity." So *revenge* is not his motive. I am inclined to agree with Hudson, Dowden, and others on this point when they say that Iago had no motive in the real sense of the word, but that his intellect, spurning all law, motive, influence from without, was unto itself all in all; and that he did evil simply because he had the power and liked to exercise it.

Yet there is another thing to be considered in this respect; *i. e.*, Iago says:

"Cassio hath a daily beauty in his life  
That makes me ugly."

Perhaps I should say then that *envy* has a strong influence over his mind. The two things, envy and conscious power, are then his motives, I think. Yes, Iago's character is a logical and self-consistent one in its developments. His position, as shown by his own words in the first scene of the play, seems but the first link in the chain which ends with the characteristic words:

"Demand me nothing: What you know, you know:  
From this time forth I never will speak word."

From his words, "I am not what I am," we see his conduct of duplicity with the Moor in Act III, iii. Starting out with the assertion that he is one who has "some soul," he closes with defiance and sullen silence. Since he feels that lying, cheating, and deceiving will no longer avail, he gives up everything and is silent, but neither remorseful nor repentant. Yet we do not feel at the end that Iago has conquered, but that he has failed, and miserably failed. Having no real motives in the beginning for his conduct, Iago cannot change as these motives change, but steadily and closely works out little by little his diabolical plans. Some one has said that the absence of all passion in Iago enables him to assume at any moment the feeling or passion which best suits that particular place and circumstance; thus we see him affecting the greatest friendship for Cassio, in order that he may effect his own ends thereby.

- (33). *Do you agree with Schlegel's view, that Othello is of the African type?*

No, Othello is not of the African type, I think, either mentally and morally or physically. He is distinctly

spoken of all through the play as a "Moor," and the Moors differed widely from the mere negroes in both intellect and color. Roderigo calls Othello "*Thick lips*," but we must remember that he speaks as an unsuccessful rival. Othello is several times spoken of as "black," but then, as now, "black" was often used of a dark complexion in contradistinction to a fair one. The Venetians had much intercourse with the Moors, but little with the negroes. Iago says that Othello is going to Mauritania. Besides, there is something repulsive to my mind in the idea of the beautiful Venetian girl falling in love with an African prince, and Shakespeare would hardly have made Othello a prince if he had intended him for a negro. So we conclude that Othello was a Moor and not a negro. Schlegel thinks that Othello's love, jealousy, and killing of Desdemona were the animal passions and violent deeds of an African savage; whereas his love is pure and elevated, his jealousy is that passion to which we are all more or less subject, intensified by the convincing proofs drawn from the circumstances and words which an apparently "honest" and loving friend produces. The death of Desdemona is rather a sacrifice to his honor than a jealous murder. Schlegel's view is entirely wrong, it seems to me. In order to comprehend fully Othello's conduct here, we must try to put ourselves in Othello's position. He is too noble and true himself to dream for an instant that what Iago says is an untruth; if he did suspect, he would lose something of his purity, for the mere fact of suspecting would imply that he himself was not entirely free from the guile which he sees in other people. We must imagine that Desdemona is really false, as indeed she is to the mind of Othello, who has been brought to see things through the light of Iago's words. To Othello the proofs of Desdemona's guilt are indubitable; there does not cross his mind the least shadow of suspicion as to the falsity of these alleged proofs. After a hard-fought battle with himself he goes calmly and sadly to the fulfillment of the saddest of all sad duties. Could we conceive of the savage, passionate African acting thus? No.

(34). *Your estimate of his character?*

Othello is a type of moral grandeur, of heroic courage, of a brave warrior. He is the "Lion of the Desert," powerful in his pride, virtue, innocence, veracity, and free from the guile and deceit by which he is surrounded—yea, so free from it himself that he cannot see it in others. It seems a striking fact to me that Shakespeare should have put Othello's praise in the mouth of Iago, his bitterest enemy; even villainy cannot fail to mark some of Othello's nobleness. Othello's character is drawn out in all its beauty by being brought into such close contrast with Iago's villainy. Othello seems to be the embodiment of the highest degree of bravery and heroism and of all the tenderness and gentleness of the most refined woman. How we pity him when we see him being bound slowly but surely by the arch-fiend, Iago! Perhaps Othello is the most heroic of all Shakespeare's heroes, for in him are combined in the highest degree both moral and physical heroism.

(35). *What is the constraining motive with Othello in killing Desdemona?*

Honor! not jealousy, surely, for would the merely jealous husband give vent to such feelings as Othello does in Act V, ii? "It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul!" seems to be the cry of a soul moved rather by love, pity, and the feeling of justice than the cry of an enraged husband. Othello distinctly says that "Justice" bears the "sword." (Act V, ii, 17.)

Whatever hold that stormy passion of jealousy may have had over Othello before, we feel convinced that the calm, sorrowful, but determined feeling of justice reigns supreme, and love must yield to honor and justice. Here we see that "calmness of intensity" which is such a striking feature in Othello's character.

(36). *How do you explain the ascendancy which Iago obtains over Othello?*

In Act III, iii, we see cold, evil intellect brought in contact with innocence and simplicity. The subtlety and cunning, the insight into Othello's mind, here seems almost supernatural. Iago urges Othello on by suggesting to his mind what he wishes him to believe. Here, too, we see Iago's power of making the good seem evil. We must remember that were we in Othello's place we would probably feel and act as he does. He has never had any reason to suspect the honesty and faithfulness of Iago; he is too innocent to suspect guile; the proofs all seem indisputable. Iago, by his subtle power of intellect, forces Othello's mind to move in the channel which he has prepared; he attacks and destroys him through his virtues, which tends to enhance his villainy; he destroys Othello's happiness, and finally his life, by turning his grandest virtues, his love for Desdemona, his heroism, his grand innocence and simplicity, into instruments of torture; so he proceeds in the case of Desdemona. Elsewhere he works upon the faults and weaknesses of his victims.

(37). *Is there anything beyond the natural order of events in the affection between Desdemona and Othello, as is asserted by Brabantio and insinuated by Iago?*

No, I think not. It seems perfectly natural that a woman like Desdemona—gentle, pliant, loving, susceptible to impressions from without, feeling almost unconsciously that the wealth of sterner qualities in Othello were entirely wanting in her own composition—should revere these qualities in a man like Othello. This union seems to be a verification of the old proverb, "Extremes meet;" yet there is between the two one thing in common—a gentle, loving heart—in the one case concealed beneath a beautiful and winning exterior, in the other beneath the rough, unprepossessing exterior of the hardened warrior. It is, as it were, "deep calling unto deep."

(38). *Character of Desdemona, and rank among Shakespeare's women?*

The predominant feature of Desdemona's character, Mrs. Jameson thinks, is her extreme gentleness, amounting almost to passiveness, incapable of resenting and resisting. She possesses, as Dowden says, a mind, but in the general harmony of her whole being the intellectual or mental activity does not appear by itself. She has a kind of "soft credulity," a proneness to superstition, a susceptibility to impression, extreme sensibility. Mrs. Jameson thinks that Desdemona is not weak, for the negative only is weak, and since Desdemona possesses affection and a deeply religious sentiment she cannot be weak. Desdemona displays at times a "transient energy," as when she, by "direct violence and storm of fortune," leaves her parental roof for her valiant Moor. What strikes me most is Desdemona's extreme purity and innocence; she cannot even fully take in the meaning of the foul words of Emilia nor the gross jests of Iago. She has also what Mrs. Jameson calls the instinctive "address" of her sex, as seen in her reply to her father and in urging her suit for Cassio's return. Desdemona re-

minds me much of Elaine. She is the pure lily, over whose first day of existence comes the scorching sun of Iago's villainy.

M. Taine says that Desdemona is a fair type of Shakespeare's women; that they are all creatures of passion, impulse, unreasonable and unreasoning, having the beauty, the prettiness, and merry chatter of birds. Yet it seems to me that Desdemona's tragic fate has thrown a halo around her which none of the rest of Shakespeare's women possess to such a degree. In Ophelia we do feel that there is a certain weakness, a negativeness, which is wanting here. Hermione calls forth our respect for the sorrow she has borne; Desdemona calls forth *pity*. She has not that coolness in the trying hour that characterizes Lady Macbeth. She possesses a wealth of constancy foreign to Gertrude's nature.

- (39). *How do you reconcile Desdemona's character as described by Brabantio, and as shown in the handkerchief scene, with her elopement and her bold stand before the Duke's council?*

This is a strength born of her great love for Othello. Here the gentle, timid girl is transformed into the still gentle but *firm* woman. It would seem that some of Othello's bravery has entered her own breast. Indeed, one of the most striking points in the play seems to me to be the notion of man's influence, and man's individual influences, over the individuality, the life and mind and soul of those around him. Some one has suggested that Brabantio had been too strict with Desdemona, and that here we see the natural rebound of her nature from its bondage. But this energy is only transient, and she sinks back into her former cowardice—if that be not too strong a word—when the present pressure is removed, and is driven into the falsehood about the handkerchief.

- (40). *Do we excuse or condemn Desdemona's dying assertion that she killed herself?*

I think we excuse it rather; for if ever untruth were told with pure motives, this is a time; and if ever falsehood were *pious* it is here, when the dying wife sees the agony of her husband, feels that he loves her perhaps better at this moment, when he feels that the "fair rose" is withering fast, and thinks to shield him, even for a moment though it be, from the external consequences of his deed—"He that loveth much to him much shall be forgiven."

- (41). *How does Othello's suicide affect us as a matter of morals, and as to the dramatic necessities of the play?*

As a matter of morals, Othello's suicide strikes us as being *wrong*, since "the Everlasting has fixed His canon against *self-slaughter*." "Thou shalt not kill." And yet, looking at it from another standpoint, Othello's suicide seems but a just retribution for the death of Desdemona. The play would lose much of its interest for us were Othello to live, after losing honor, love, and the pure being who had been as the inspiration of his life, and certainly our great admiration for Othello's sense of honor would be diminished. We would feel a kind of indignation, a kind of resentment, as it were, for the death of Desdemona, for there is in us an instinctive feeling, or idea of justice and reparation, and Othello's death is the reparation which Fate requires at his hand for the innocent death of Desdemona.

As Othello has lived like a hero, he will not forfeit his claim to that title in his death. His last two acts were perhaps the most heroic of his life. He sacrifices

his wife, his love, all that makes life worth living, to his sense of honor, and then, finding that this very sacrifice has wrought not honor but dishonor, as he is now a "murderer," he sacrifices himself to his honor and dies by his own hand. There is a gentleness, a respect for the feelings of others, that those who, like Schlegel, make Othello a half-tamed savage, cannot explain. See his gentleness and respect to Brabantio even when the old man heaps accusations and insults upon him. See his tenderness for Desdemona even when he is about to put her to death.

- (42). *What seems to be the relation between Iago and Emilia?*

There certainly is not that strong and equal tie of love which we would expect to find existing between man and wife. Iago uses Emilia as his tool; she is cared for only in so far as she is of use to him. Iago had neither the desire nor the ability to love anything or anybody. Emilia seems to love Iago with a kind of passionate devotion. Her sole aim seems to be to do his will, and is seen by her theft of the handkerchief and her words at the time:

"I'll have the work ta'en out,  
And give't Iago: What he will do with it  
Heaven knows, not I;  
I nothing but to please his fantasy."

This great love, even though the object be unworthy is a redeeming trait in Emilia's character, which raises her morally far above Iago. Indeed, we can look back on Emilia, in her girlhood, free from the tarnish, the smut with which Iago has begrimed her. Can we not find almost a touch of sadness for this change in her words: "The ill-weds, their ill (husbands') instruct us so."

Emilia's love for Desdemona is perhaps the purest of her feelings.

The bond, then, between Iago and Emilia is the bond of evil—in the one case instinctive, in the other acquired.

- (43). *What change does Iago produce in Roderigo's character which enables him to maintain his control over Roderigo up to the very end?*

"Evil communications corrupt good morals." By constantly being brought in contact with Iago, Roderigo cannot but be blackened by the soot which cleaves to him. At first we find Roderigo not evil, perhaps, though destitute of virtue; his intention then has nothing criminal in it. Here is merely the disappointment of a rejected lover, together with the desire, called into life by Iago, of finding and separating Desdemona and the Moor before they are married. But urged still further by Iago, he became so much endowed with Iagoism that he follows Desdemona to Cyprus. Even here his conscience hurts him; he repents and wants to return, but Iago's power grows too strong, and he becomes more and more like his "cause," if we may call Iago such. Finally this evil reaches a height that is almost worthy of Iago. Iago maintains his ascendancy by assimilating Roderigo more and more to himself, by filling his mind and soul with evil.

- (44). *Illustrate by the roles of Roderigo and Emilia the importance to his plays of Shakespeare's secondary characters.*

The roles of Roderigo and Emilia illustrate well the importance of the secondary characters in Shakespeare's plays. They are not superfluities, but necessities, as without the rough iron chisel the sculptor could not

mold the delicate and beautiful statue. Much of Iago's villainy is exercised upon Roderigo. Emilia serves as a strong contrast to Desdemona, and serves to draw out her innate purity by contrast with her own low, base character. So Roderigo's dullness makes Iago's intellectual capacity seem more powerful. They each have a lesson to teach, too: Roderigo's example teaches the insignificance of money when compared with intellect; Emilia's, the punishment following the infringement of truth and honesty.

- (45). *Show from this and other of Shakespeare's important plays the relation of the introductory scenes to the whole play?*

The first scenes are of the greatest importance as furnishing a key by which we read and understand the whole play and its characters; for instance, a mere superficial view of the first scene of *Othello* gives us the idea that Iago's motive for his abominable work is *revenge*; a closer view dispels the illusion. It gives us the first hint of Othello's character. In *Hamlet* I, i, 111-126, we see, as it were, the great tragedy to follow looming up in the distance. *Romeo and Juliet*, as well as *Othello*, opens with an upheaval of society, a fit prelude to the after tragic scenes. In *Macbeth* the very headings of the first scene—*A desert place. Thunder and lightning. Enter three witches*—are symbolical of the whole tragedy.

- (46). *The play of Othello as a whole; its rank among Shakespeare's plays; its lessons?*

As in *Lear*, the play turns upon the breaking of the

tie which binds father and children; in *Macbeth*, the tie which binds subject and sovereign; so in *Othello* we have the breaking of the tie between husband and wife—of the most sacred of all sacred ties. There is also the breaking of the tie between father and daughter.

Hudson, I believe, says that *Othello* is the best organized of all Shakespeare's plays, that as a dramatic structure it is splendid; Johnson says that had the play opened in Cyprus, and the events of the first act been narrated occasionally, little had been wanting to a drama of the most exact and perfect regularity; "but this would have destroyed the regularity of the substance." Macaulay thinks that *Othello* is "perhaps the greatest work in the world;" Wordsworth, that it is one of the most pathetic. Mr. Hudson says it has not the impressions and elements of moral terror found in *Macbeth*, the variety and breadth of characterization of *Lear*, the compass and reach of thought of *Hamlet*, but it has this interest, that its scene is laid in domestic life, and it therefore appeals to the sympathies of all. Its lessons seem to be summed up in the few and simple words: "Thou shalt not lie." "To thine own self be true." Every character in the play who suffers in that final scene of agony is but paying the penalty due to injured moral laws. Look at Iago—at Othello's story of the charmed handkerchief—Desdemona's untruth about the same—Emilia's countless evils. Intellect untempered by moral obligations, sentiment unaccompanied by sense of moral law, indeed, that nowhere can be perfectness and harmony without moral ideas.

FANNY E. RAGLAND.

HOLLINS INSTITUTE, Va., June, 1884.

## Notes and Queries.

[Correspondents and Contributors in quoting from Shakespeare's plays, should cite not only the acts and scenes but also the lines. The numbering of the lines should, in all cases, follow the Globe edition.]

IN the writers of the Elizabethan age, and particularly in its poets and dramatists, we find numerous instances of a construction which has entirely disappeared from the literature of subsequent periods. This was the use of the passive participle as an adjective to express not what *was* and *is*, but that which *was* and therefore *can be* for *futurity*. In brief, the termination *ed* was used where we should employ *able*. There are many passages in Shakespeare and his contemporaries to which the recollection of this construction will give a sudden and luminous intelligence.

### ILLUSTRATIONS.

#### Accepted for acceptable.

"—and her presence  
Shall quite strike off all service I have done  
In most *accepted* pain."  
—*Troilus and Cress.* III, iii, 30.

"Good Malicente, acquaint her not with it by  
Any means; it may come so much the more  
*Accepted*."

—BEN JONSON, *Every Man Out of his Humour* V.

#### Admired for admirable.

"You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,  
With most *admired* disorder.—*Macbeth* III, iv, 110.

"It was an excellent *admired* jest  
To them that understood it."  
—*How a Man May Choose a Good Wife from a Bad*  
III, iii (1602).

"The virtues of young Arthur's wife,  
Her patience and *admired* temperance,  
Hath made me love all womankind the better."—*Id.*

"In her *admired* and happy government."  
—BEN JONSON, *Epilogue to Every Man Out of his Humour*.

#### Desired for desirable.

"In all *desired* employment."  
—*Love's Labor's Lost*.

"Even the old man *admired*,  
The youth's hand took and said 'O most *desired*.'"  
CHAPMAN, *Homer's Odyssey*, Book III.

#### Despised for despicable.

"Why have they dared to march  
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,  
Fighting her pale-faced villages with war  
And ostentation of *despised* arms?"  
—*Richard II.* II, iii, 95.

"*Despised* substance of divinest show."  
—*Romeo and Juliet* III, ii, 77.

Cosroe, having revolted from his brother the Emperor and upbraided him for folly, etc., assumes the

crown himself, whereupon one of his crowners says to him :

"We knew, my lord, before we brought the crown,  
Intending your investition so near  
The residence of your *despised* brother  
The lords would not be too exasperate."  
—MARLOWE, 1 *Tamburlaine the Great* I, i (1590).

"— when we (in careless sort)  
Shall throw ourselves on their *despised* spears,  
'Tis not despair that doth us so transport,  
But ev'n true fortitude."  
—DANIEL, *Civil Warres*, Book VI.

"But let not your high thoughts descend so low  
As these *despised* objects; let them fall,  
With their flat groveling souls."  
—B. J., *Poetaster* V, i.

*Detested for detestable.*

"In gross rebellion and *detested* treason."  
—Richard II: II, iii.

"— wear the *detested* blot  
Of murderous subornation."  
—1 *Hen. IV.* I, iii, 162.

"Thou rag of honour, thou *detested* —."  
—Richard III: I, iii, 233.

"What should we do but bid them battle straight,  
And rid the world of these *detested* troops?"  
—MARLOWE, 1 *Tamburlaine the Great* II, ii.

"How monstrous and *detested* is 't to see  
A fellow that has neither art or brain,  
Sit like an Aristarchus or stark ass."  
—B. J., *E. O.*, *The Stage*.

"O loathsome villain! O *detested* deeds!  
O guiltless prince! O me most miserable!"  
—CHAPMAN, *Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany* V, iv (1654).

*Dishonored for dishonorable.*

"— nor has Coriolanus  
Deserved this so *dishonored* rub."  
—Cor. III, i, 160.

"— 'twere a *dishonored* thing."  
—CHAPMAN, *Homer's Il.*, Book XIV.

*Distinguished for distinguishable.*

"Ye sex *distinguished* Deities."  
—CHAPMAN, *Homer's Hymn to Apollo* 492.

*Honored for honorable.*

"— kiss  
The *honored* gashes whole."  
—A. and C. IV, viii.

"Come then, said she, no more let us defer  
Our *honored* action."  
—CHAPMAN, *Homer's Odyssey*, Book II.

*Imagined for imaginable.*

"With all *imagined* speed unto the tranect."  
—Mer. Ven. III, iv, 52.

*Immeasured for immeasurable. (See unmeasured.)*

"Four such *immeasured* pools, philosophers agree  
I' the four parts of the world undoubtedly to be."  
—DRAYTON, *Polyolbion*, Song XIX.

*Incompared for incomparable.*

"That Mantuane Poete's *incompared* spirit  
Whose garland now is set in highest place," etc.,  
—SPENSER, *To the Rt. Hon. Sir Francis Walsingham*, etc.  
Wks. I, 25.

*Incorrupt for incorruptible.*

"— her *incorrupt* veil  
Trembling about her,"  
—CHAPMAN, *Homer's Iliad*, Book XXI.

"But love once entered, wished no greater aid  
Than he could find within; thought, thought betrayed;  
The bribed but *incorrupt* garrison  
Sung to Hymen."  
—CHAPMAN, Continuation of MARLOWE's *Hero and Leander*,  
5th Sestiad.

[See *unincorrupted*.]

*Inexhausted for inexhaustible.*

"And look how all those heav'nly lamps acquire  
Light from the sun, that *inexhausted* fire!"  
—ROBT. HERRICK, *Dedication of the Hesperides* (1648).

*Invalued for invaluable.*

"And with the *invalued* prize of  
Blanch the Beauteous crowned."  
—DRAYTON, *Polyolbion*, Song XIII.

*Unaltered for unalterable. (See altered.)*

"— th' *unaltered* Destinies."  
—CHAPMAN, *Homer's Odys.*, Book V.

"That his *unaltered* counsels gave in charge."  
CHAPMAN, *Homer's Hymn to Venus* 356.

*Unavoided for unavoidable.*

"We see the very wreck that we must suffer;  
And *unavoided* is the danger now,  
For suffering so the causes of our wreck."  
—Rich. II: II, i, 268.

"A terrible and *unavoided* danger."  
—1 *Henry VI.* IV, v, 8.

"But now behold the power of *unavoided* fate."  
—DRAYTON, *Polyolbion*, Song IX.

"Rare poems ask rare friends,  
Yet satires, since the most of mankind  
Their *unavoided* subject, fewest see."  
—B. JONSON, *To the Countess of Bedford with Donne's*  
*Satires*, Epigram 94.

*Unbelieved for unbelievable.*

"At so *unbelieved* a pitch he aim'd,  
That he had said his heart would still complain,  
Till he aspired the style of sovereign."  
—CHAPMAN, *Tragedie of Byron* I, i (1608).

*Unblamed for unblamable.*

"They durst not strike  
At so exampless and *unblamed* a life,"  
—B. JONSON, *Sejanus* II, iv.

*i. e.*, unblamable—not to be blamed—*blameless*.

*Unconquered for unconquerable.*

"Of an invincible *unconquered* spirit."  
—1 *Henry VI.* IV, ii, 32.

"The headstrong jades of Thrace—  
Were not subdued by valor more divine  
Than you by this *unconquered* arm of mine."  
—MARLOWE, 2 *Tamburlaine the Great* IV, iv.

"— of goat-kept Jove, the *unconquered* maid."  
—CHAPMAN, *Homer's Odyssey*, Book VI.

"— with *unconquered* fire his heart was turned  
Into a coal."  
—CHAPMAN, *Musaicus' Hero and Leander* 138 (1616).

"— wise Minerva, wore, *unconquered* virgin."  
—MILTON, *Comus* 448.

*Uncontained (not used by Shakespeare).*

"— his large purple weed Ulyssus held  
Before his face and eyes, since thence distilled  
Tears *uncontained*."  
—CHAPMAN, *Homer's Odyssey*, Book XVI, Line 183.

*i. e.*, not to be contained—*uncontainable*.

*Uncontrolled* for *uncontrollable* (not used in Shakespeare).

"That glorious battle got with *uncontrolled* fate."  
—DRAYTON, *Polyolbion*, Song XXII.

"—the *uncontrolled* worth  
Of this pure cause."  
—MILTON, *Comus* 793.

*i. e.*, not to be controlled—*uncontrollable*.

*Uncorrupted*.

"—I'd not have him  
(For my sake) forfeit that for which he is famous,  
His *uncorrupted* equity."  
—CHAPMAN, *Revenge for Honour* IV, i (1654).

*i. e.*, *uncorruptible*—see *incorrupted*.

*Uncounted*.

"—the blunt monster with *uncounted* heads,"  
—Henry IV: *Induction*, 18.

*i. e.*, not to be counted—*uncountable*—*innumerable*.

*Undiscovered*.

"The *undiscovered* country from whose bourn  
No traveler returns."  
—Hamlet III, i, 79.

*Undistinguished* for *indistinguishable*.

"O *undistinguished* space of woman's will!"  
—Lear IV, vi, 278.

"And *undistinguished* from the common herd."  
—CHAPMAN, *Homer's Hymn to Hermes* 234.

*Unenvied* (not used by Shakespeare).

"—thou *unenvied* swain,  
Whither dost thou lead this vicitless leaguer."  
—CHAPMAN, *Homer's Odyssey*, Book XVII, 284.

*i. e.*, not to be envied—*unenvious*.

*Unextinguished* (not used by Shakespeare).

"Hector so, with *unextinguished* spirit,  
Stood great Achilles."  
—CHAPMAN, *Homer's Iliad*, Book XXII.

*i. e.*, *unextinguishable*.

*Ungoverned* for *ungovernable*.

"Lest his *ungoverned* rage dissolve the life  
That wants the means to lead it."  
—Lear IV, iv, 19.

*Unmatched* for *unmatchable*.

"—that *unmatched* form."  
—Hamlet III, i, 167.

[Love.] "Against whose fury and *unmatched* force,  
The aweless lion could not rage the fight."  
—King John I, i, 265.

"—he was endued  
With so *unmatched* a force."  
—CHAPMAN, *Homer's Batrachomyomachia* 291.

"Touches, embraces, and each circumstance  
Of all love's most *unmatched* ceremonies."  
—CHAPMAN, *All Fools* I, i (1605).

*Unmeasured* (not used by Shakespeare).

"*Unmeasured* flood."  
—B. JONSON, *Epilogue to E. M. O. H.*

*i. e.*, *immeasurable*.

*Unnumbered* for *innumerable*.

"Th' *unnumbered* beach."  
—Cymb. I, vi, 36.

"Faint through the want of food, weary with toil  
Of my *unnumbered* steps."  
—HEYWOOD, *Love's Mistre* V, i (1640).

"—thanks to Heav'n  
I see him live, and lives I hope to see  
*Unnumbered* years."  
—MARLOWE, *Lust's Dominion* I, ii.

"And to th' appointed place th' *unnumbered* people throng."  
—DRAYTON, *Polyolbion*, Song XII.

"—the *unnumbered* grass  
[—] give as thorough all they pass."  
—CHAPMAN, *Homer's Hymn to Pan* 47.

"—blest fathers  
That see their issues like stars *unnumbered*."  
—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *Thierry and Theodoret* IV.

"Of various forms, *unnumbered* spectres more,  
Centaur and double shapies besiege the door."  
—DRYDEN, *Virgil's Aeneas*, Book VI.

"—swarm populous, *unnumbered* as the sands  
Of Barca."  
—MILTON, *Paradise Lost* II, 903.

*Unpeered*.

"*Unpeered* Achilles."  
—CHAPMAN, *Homer's Odyssey*, Book III.

*Not to be equalled*. In the words *unequaled*, *unexcelled*, *unsurpassed*, etc., this future signification usually conveyed by the use of the termination *able*, still seems to exist.

*Unpierced*.

"Sathan (chief captain in this hellish field),  
His poisoned fiery darts against him flingeth,  
Which catch't and quench't with Faith's *unpierced* shield,  
Hits, falls, and only tries, no damage bringeth."  
—DOWNAME, *The Front Opened* (1634).

*i. e.*, not to be pierced, *impenetrable*.

*Unprized*.

"Not all the Dukes of waterish Burgundy  
Can buy this *unprized* precious maid of me."  
—Lear I, i, 262.

Mr. Abbott (Gr. 375) thinks this may mean "unprized by others, but precious to me," but the use of the word "unprized" is more probably the same as in the following passage:

"But all with wondrous goodly forms were deck't,  
And moved with beauties of *unprized* aspect."  
—CHAPMAN, *Homer's Hymn to Apollo* 309.

*i. e.*, not to be priced, *priceless*.

*Unquenched* for *not to be quenched*, *unquenchable*.

"In whose most virtuous breast the holy fire  
*Unquenched* lives."  
—HENRY LOK, *Extra Sonnets* (1597).

"Then let some God oppose his holy power  
Against the wrath and tyranny of death,  
That his tear-thirsty and *unquenched* harte  
May be upon himself reverberate."  
—MARLOWE, *2 Part of Tamburlaine the Great* V, iv.

"*Unquenched* fire."  
—SPENSER, *Fairie Queene* IV, v.

*Unquestioned for unquestionable.*

"— *unquestioned welcome.*"  
—*All's Well* II, i.

"I bring the same *unquestioned* honesty  
And zeal to serve your majesty."  
—*DRYDEN, Marriage a la Mode.*

"— not that we distrust  
His loyalty, or do repent one grace  
Of all that heap we have conferred on him,  
For that were to disparage our election,  
And call that judgment now in doubt, which, then,  
Seem'd as *unquestioned* as an oracle."  
—*B. JONSON, Sejanus* III, iii.

*Unreached* (not used by Shakespeare).

"— the *unreached* throne of Jove."  
—*CHAPMAN, Homer's Iliad*, Book XIII.

*i. e.*, not to be reached—unattainable.

*Unreclaimed for irreclaimable.*

"Unreclaimed blood."  
—*Hamlet* II, i. 34.

Speaking of the self-murdered Cato, Antony says:

"Unreclaimed man!  
How censures Brutus his stern father's fact?"  
—*CHAPMAN, Tragedy of Cesar and Pompey* V, iii (1613).

*Unrecovered for irrecoverable* (not used by Shakespeare).

"— fate's *unrecovered* hour."  
—*CHAPMAN, Homer's Iliad*, Book IX.

*Unremoved for irremovable* (not used by Shakespeare).

"I was thinking with myself as I came, how if this  
Brake to light; his body known  
(As many notes might make it) would it not fix  
Upon thy fame an *unremoved* brand  
Of shame and hate?"  
—*CHAPMAN, The Widow's Tears* V, v.

*Unresisted for irresistible* (not used by Shakespeare).

"And doubt not but that time and my persuasion  
Will work out your excuse; since youth and love  
Were th' *unresisted* organs to seduce you."  
—*CHAPMAN, All Fools* II, i.

"Revenge, like embers, raked within their breast,  
Burst forth in flames; whose *unresisted* power  
Will seize th' unwary wretch and soon devour."  
—*DRYDEN, Homer's Iliad*, Book I.

*Unruled for unrulable, ungovernable* (not used by Shakespeare).

"But their *unruled* acts show their mind's estate."  
—*CHAPMAN, Homer's Odysseys*, Book IV.

*Unseasoned for unseasonable, untimely.*

"Unseasoned intrusion."  
—*Merry Wives* II, ii.

"Sir, 'tis a sign you make no stranger of me,  
To bring these renegadoes to my chamber,  
At these *unseasoned* hours."  
—*BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, Philaster* II.

"O here's a precious dirty, damned rogue  
That fats himself with expectation  
Of rotten weather and *unseasoned* hours."  
—*B. JONSON, Every Man Out of His Humour* I, i.

*Unshunned for not to be shunned, unavoidable.*

"An *unshunned* consequence;  
It must be so."  
—*Meas. for Meas.* III, ii, 61.

\* See *Hamlet*, III, i, 79. The undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns.

*Unsounded for not to be sounded, fathomless.*

"Unsounded deeps."  
—*Two Gentlemen* V. III, ii, 81.

"Deckt with the riches of th' *unsounded* deepe."  
—*BROWNE, Britannia's Pastorals*, Book II, S. 1.

"To that *unsounded* depth whence nought returneth."\*  
—*CHAPMAN, Byron's Conspiracy* IV, i (1608).

*Unstanch'd for unquenchable.*

"— and by my soul,  
If this right hand would buy two hours life,  
That I in all despite might rail at him,  
This hand should chop it off, and with the issuing blood  
Stifle the villain whose *unstanch'd* thirst  
York and young Rutland could not satisfy."  
—*3 Henry VI*: II, vi, 83.

*Unsuftered for un or insufferable* (not used by Shakespeare).

"Eschewing the *unsuftered* stones shot from the winter's star."  
—*CHAPMAN, Homer's Iliad*, Book III.

*Untamed* (not used by Shakespeare).

"— the grey-eyed Goddess flew  
Along th' *untamed* sea."  
—*CHAPMAN, Homer's Odyssey*, Book VII.

*Unvalued* (see *invalued*), *i. e.*, *invaluable*.

"Inestimable stones, *unvalued* jewels."  
—*Richard III*: I, iv, 27.

"And, madam, whatsoever you esteem  
Of this success and loss *unvalued*  
Both may invest you empress of the East."  
—*MARLOWE, Tamburlaine*, Part I, I, ii.

"Let me show you what a most *unvalued* jewel  
You have in a wanton humor thrown away  
To bless the man shall find him."  
—*WEBSTER, Duchess of Malfi*, III, ii (1623).

"What two *unvalued* jewels  
Am I at once deprived of!"  
—*WEBSTER and ROWLEY, Cure for a Cuckold* IV, ii.

"Are not our vows already registered  
Upon the *unvalued* sepulchre of Christ?"  
—*The Weakest goeth to the Wall* I, i (1600-1618).

George Chapman used it frequently.

"Their matter most *unvalued*, their  
Wondrous work of grace."  
—*Homer's Iliad*, Book V.

"—go, *unvalued* book,  
Live and be loved!"  
—*Farewell to his Translation of the Iliad*.

Beaumont and Fletcher:

"That most *unvalued* horn the unicorn  
Bears to oppose the huntsman."  
—*Valentinian* I, ii.

"— this *unvalued* treasure."  
—*Loyal Subject* II, vi.

"— tell her all your merits,  
Your most *unvalued* love," etc.  
—*The Mad Lover* II, i.

So Milton: "*On Shakespeare.*"

"Hath from the leaves of thy *unvalued* book  
These Delphick lines with deep impression took."

A. M. BEVERIDGE.

PHILADELPHIA.

In my note which appeared in your May number I omitted to give the passage in *Henry V*: I, i, 28:

"Consideration, like an angel, came,  
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,  
Leaving his body as a paradise,  
T' envelop and contain celestial spirits.—  
Never came reformation in a flood,  
Wi' h such a heady current, scouring faults;  
Nor never hydra-headed willfulness  
So soon did lose his seat."

Compare this note with *All's Well* I, i, 113:

"Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,"

and the suggested reading, *Hamlet* III, iv, 169:

"For use almost can change the stamp of nature,  
And either amend the evil or throw him out."

B. G. KINNEAR.

LONDON, July, 1884.

## The Drama.

### TWELFTH NIGHT AT THE LYCEUM.

THE production of *Twelfth Night* at the Lyceum Theatre was as brilliant and well-ordered a piece of staging as Mr. Irving has by a long series of artistic stage presentations made his audiences expect. The transposition of the scenes seems, it is true, somewhat arbitrary, and it is, to our thinking, a very distinct mistake not to strike the key-note of the tender interest of the play by opening the curtain on Orsino's beautiful love-speech. There may, no doubt, be reasons which, from a purely stage point of view, have seemed adequate to the manager for opening instead with the scene on the seacoast; but such considerations are not always in place in dealing with Shakespeare, and least of all, perhaps, in dealing with so delicate a piece—a piece so exquisitely compounded of alternate beauty, pathos, wit, and humor—as *Twelfth Night*, for the actual painting, mounting, and setting of the various scenes through which the lovely story of Viola and her troubles, the strangely blended dignity and foolishness of Malvolio, and the more direct humors of Feste, the Jester, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew, are conducted, it would be difficult to find anything but praise. There is no undermounting and no overloading—all is discreet and good.

The figures, however, who move in front of this setting, chosen and designed as it is with rare skill and taste, claim the first attention, and it is both natural and pleasant to begin with the one figure in the difficult presentation of which there is scarce a blemish to be detected. This, we need hardly say, is the Viola of Miss Ella Terry, a Viola instinct with grace, modesty, tenderness, and light and delicate humor. Nothing could be better than her bearing in her youth's disguise both to Orsino and to Olivia; nothing, as we think, better conceived, executed, and balanced than the delivery of the famous speech beginning with the words, "A blank, my lord." In the light passages which mask a deeper feeling there are touches which remind one of an actress who was full of charm and full of genius—Desclee—and the frankness of the final avowal of the love which has perforce been concealed could not be bettered in its complete feeling and becomingness. So also in the scenes with Olivia, and notably in the scene in which Olivia declares her love, the acting comes near perfection. The delivery of the lines:—

"By innocence I swear, and by my youth,  
I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,  
And that no woman has; nor never none  
Shall mistress of it be, save I alone.  
And so adieu, good madam; never more  
Will I my master's tears to you deplore"—

conveyed an exact sense of the half tragic situation,

and yet gave exactly that touch of comedy which the scene demands, and in the conveyance of which Musset and the best of his interpreters have come nearest to the spirit and the fitting interpretation of Shakespeare's comedy. One fault only we have thus far to find with Miss Terry's rendering of the whole part. This is when Malvolio brings to Viola the ring with which Olivia has charged him, and which Olivia pretends that the supposed Cesario has left behind him. It is necessary to quote the beginning of Viola's speech, when Malvolio has left her, to illustrate our meaning:

"I left no ring with her; what means this lady?  
Fortune forbid, my outside has not charm'd her!  
She made good view of me; indeed, so much  
That, sure, methought her eyes had lost her tongue,  
For she did speak in starts distractedly;  
She loves me, sure the cunning of her passion  
Invites me in this churlish messenger:  
None of my lord's ring? why, he sent her none—  
I am the man; if it be so, as 'tis,  
Poor lady, she were better love a dream."

Here Miss Terry gives the words, "I am the man," with an air of pretty and intense amusement, and follows them by a charming and laughing assumption of a mannish walk. That this is the right interpretation we cannot believe. Viola, light-hearted and brave as she was in the midst of trouble, was not the person to be unfeeling toward the trouble of another woman. Amusement she may very naturally have felt at the mistake; but it would not have been unmixed. There would have been some touch of pity and of interest, and of this Miss Terry gave no hint. But this is the one important blemish on a performance which came near to being ideal, and may no doubt come yet nearer when the nervousness inseparable from attacking so difficult a part has disappeared.

Next to Viola in interest to the audience, if not in interest in the play, came Malvolio, as played by Mr. Irving. As to this, we regret to say that we disagree entirely with Mr. Irving's conception of the character. Faults in his execution undoubtedly existed on the first night, but these, we may assume, will vanish, while his, to our thinking, radically wrong conception may probably remain unchanged. Malvolio was "a kind of Puritan," but he was called so by Maria; he was vain and puffed up with pride, but Olivia "would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry;" he was pragmatical and no doubt offensive to Sir Toby and his like, but the dignity of his office and the respect that Olivia felt for him showed him a capable and noteworthy man, and his conversation in the dark room with the false Sir Topas proves him a gentleman, a scholar, and a man of high thoughts. Mr. Irving's Malvolio is Puritanical enough; he scowls, indeed, something too violently at frivolity; he seems angered rather than filled with a grave contempt for Feste's jestings; he

stoops and walks with exaggerated stiffness, which there is no need for Malvolio to do, and he seems to have no sense of humor, which there is every need for Malvolio to have. His humor is not their humor—they are not of his element—but it exists, as one may judge, without going about to recover the wind of a phrase, from the scene already referred to in the dark room. His sense of greatness, both before and after his being gulled by Maria, should have something swelling and lofty about it. It should have exaltation and that amount of fire which may come to a grave, responsible, and scholarly steward of a great household, in whom ambition and self-love combine to conceal for a time his nobler qualities. One of the chief faults we have to find with Mr. Irving's Malvolio is that he has no nobler qualities; he is vain, dry, pedantic, overbearing, but he lacks all touch of the qualities of true command and of true self-esteem, which is ludicrous only when carried to excess, that Malvolio must, as we judge him, have possessed. There is comedy enough of a kind in the scene when, cross-gartered and yellow-stockinged, he smiles on Olivia, but it is not comedy of the right flavor; it is a false and wintry smile, breaking over a face set hard in austerity, not a smile of ecstatic triumph and self-gratulation invading the expression of a man who swells with importance and is conscious of something more than his real merit. Again, and here is surely a capital error, in the dark room scene Mr. Irving's Malvolio rolls whiningly in the straw, and cries with painful querulousness to the supposed Sir Topas and to the Clown for aid. His answers to Sir Topas' questionings are given with an air of physical and mental prostration, and his last appeals to Feste are delivered as lachrymously as may be. Thus he turns the comedy to bastard tragedy and misses the one point in Malvolio's character which saves his overweening vanity from making him contemptible—his brave bearing in adversity. The true Malvolio is indignant, but not lachrymose; he is brought face to face with darkness and hard fate in place of the brilliant dreams he has indulged; he is questioned, as he thinks, by a grave minister to test his sanity, and his answers are such as would put to shame any one save the half-wise, half-crazy jester.

"What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?"

"That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird?"

"What thinkest thou of this opinion?"

"I think nobly of the soul, and in no way approve of his opinion."

What is one to think of this last fine sentence being delivered without a scrap of dignity or proper self-assertion, in the tone of a man completely worn out, body and mind, with unexpected misfortune.

Again in the delivery of Malvolio's last words, "I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you!" Mr. Irving's Malvolio gives way to a burst of melodramatic and air-clawing rage, which we cannot but think wholly removed from any true perception of the part. Even on the actor's own showing Malvolio, except when shut up as a madman, had bearing enough to prevent his doing this. Let us end these observations with the remark that at one point, in the scene where Sir Toby and the rest gird at him after his interview with Olivia, Act III, Scene iv, Mr. Irving became for a few moments an ideal Malvolio. May we hope that in time the whole performance will grow to the excellence of this one scene? In any case it is right to add that we have made these criticisms on a first night's performance, and that nothing is more likely than that future performances will wear in many ways a different complexion.

For the rest, Mr. Ferris looks well, moves well, and

speaks with dignity as Orsino. Mr. David Fisher gives a hopelessly bad performance of Sir Toby Belch. Sir Toby was not stupid; he had humor and knowledge of the world, and was a gentleman, though an excessively odd one, in his cups. Mr. Fisher shows us a dull, offensive sot, without one single quality to redeem his brutish behavior. Mr. F. Wyatt plays Sir Andrew with a true sense of the humor of the character. His idea of the part is excellent, and he works it out with much skill. Mr. Calhaem plays the clown, and it would be unfair to blame a really meritorious actor, who always does his best, for completely failing in a part for which he should never have been cast. Mr. Howe is, of course, excellent as Antonio; Miss Rose Leclercq cannot be at all praised for her performance of Olivia, and Miss L. Payne can be highly praised for her performance of Maria. Nor must we end without more than a word of commendation for Mr. F. Terry's bright and manly Sebastian.—*The Saturday Review*.

#### NOTES ON SCENERY AND COSTUME FOR MACBETH.

Of all of Shakespeare's dramas there is scarcely one so difficult to represent with the strict adherence to historical accuracy that the scholar demands, and which even the public views with satisfaction, as *Macbeth*. The remains of Scottish architecture and of Scottish manners of the tenth century are far too slight to admit of a restoration that will be possessed of even probable accuracy. This, however, should not prevent the antiquary's continuing his researches in this distant period, and evolving thence if not positive knowledge at least that of a negative character. We find, indeed, a tolerable abundance of Celtic remains, such as sculptured stones, crosses, and even manuscripts, all of which have had their historian and which may be found engraved in such works as Dr. Stuart's *Sculptured Stones of Scotland*, Henry O'Neil's *Crosses of Ireland*, and Westwood's *Anglo-Saxon and Celtic Manuscripts*. These books are eminently useful in their way and should be consulted by every one desirous of obtaining an idea of early Celtic ornaments. But there their usefulness to the historical artist ends, for they furnish no material for the proper restoration of buildings, and designs based on them—designs formed from a modern standpoint and without reference either to the uses or the means of the age, in a word, modern designs covered with Celtic ornaments—are absolutely wanting both in truth and research.

Some designs for the architecture for *Macbeth* that were published last year in *Decoration* show only too thoroughly a need of careful study of the times they seek to represent. As a modern design and for presentation on the stage one of the drawings—it is for the ghost scene—is good, but there is not the slightest stone or even the rudest drawing now extant that would lead one to suppose that Macbeth ever saw such a building, much less lived in one. A high, wide segmental arch, set to the right of the spectator, forms the salient feature of the background; on the left is a balcony on to which opens an arcade of stilted arches; beyond the principal arch is a staircase, the whole being closed with a wall adorned after the taste of the artist. A table extends across the entire scene.

While it is only too true that we cannot now see the palace that Macbeth really lived in, still it is possible to get very much nearer the truth than has been reached in the design just described, how pleasing soever it may appear to modern eyes. Two assumptions, and those so self-evident as to be undeniable, underlie the theory here advanced. It is, in the first place, a well-known

fact that the lives and manners of all early peoples, and especially so when they live in close proximity, are very similar, indeed, so much so as to be in many cases identical. In the second place, there is the further well-known fact that customs survived longer among the Scots, separated as they were from their neighbors after the withdrawal of the Roman legions from Britain, than among the Anglo-Saxons. If, then, we take the Anglo-Saxon buildings and dresses of the eighth century, they will not be very different from those of the Scots of the tenth. And this is the more likely to be the case, since we can take all matters of detail and ornament from remains that are undeniably Scottish.

The central feature of the early English castle was the great hall; around it were the chambers or bowers, while the whole was inclosed within a wall. The entire structure was of wood, though some drawings show the lower part to be of stone. The interior was plain and with but few attempts at ornamentation. From Beoulf we learn that the hall gate rose "high and curved, with pinnacles," and that the hall itself was higher than the other portions of the edifice. Within there was much discomfort. The wind and rain penetrated with ease through the cracks in the wall. There was no chimney, but the fire was placed at pleasure upon the floor. The walls were covered with tapestry, sometimes plain, sometimes embroidered, sometimes "variegated with gold." At festivals the ordinary tapestry was removed and the richest designs substituted. According to Beoulf, the floor was "variegated," by which he probably means that it was covered with a tessellated pavement; the roof was carved and lofty.

The furniture of the hall was plain and of little variety. Benches covered with cushions were placed round the wall, and the table consisted of a rough board placed on tressels and covered with a rich cloth reaching to the floor. One end of the hall was raised to indicate the seat of honor of the host. As for the vessels and dishes that were used, we know that the Anglo-Saxons had a variety. Plates were unknown, and the drinking vessels were either drinking-horns or cups with rounded or pointed ends.

In the bower or chamber the head of the house transacted his business and granted private audiences. Its furniture was also scant. A bed—a mere bag of straw—was placed in a curtained recess in one side of the room, a usage which still survives in Scotland. Benches and one or two chairs, together with a round table—never found in the hall—completed the furniture of the room.

Such is the slight material from which the scenery for *Macbeth* must be designed. In the third scene of the fourth act, however, the characters are in England, and the difference of location can be readily shown in

the buildings. The Normans had rapidly introduced radical changes in the methods of building. Not satisfied with wood, stone became the universal material. Nor was this all, for, instead of houses of only one story, those of two were built, of which the upper, approached by a stairway—frequently external—was the principal.

As in scenery, so in costume we find the same disregard to history. Anglo-Saxon costume was essentially simple. That of the women was especially so, consisting of a plain, long gown, with a hood entirely covering the head. The color was either blue, green, or red; white was seldom worn. The costume of the men was, naturally, not so severe, yet even here it was impossible to determine the rank of the wearer by the form of his garment, the only distinction being in its make and ornamentation. The essential part of a man's costume was an undergarment of linen, over which was worn a tunic, of linen in summer and of wool in winter. The tunic had ornamental borders and long, loose sleeves, that hung in wrinkles on the forearm and were held in place by bracelets. According to the rank of the wearer the tunic had a plain or richly embroidered collar. Over this warriors and the higher classes wore, when abroad or on state occasions, a short cloak like the Roman *Pallium*, fastened either on the shoulder or on the breast. Drawers and stockings meeting at the thighs, the latter covered with lacings, with a tassel at the knee, and black shoes tied with a thong and with a slit down the instep, completed the costume.

The knees of the Scots, however, were bare to the ankles. Mantles were in universal use, and among the Scots were woven in plaids.

The costume of the soldiers differed but slightly, at a very early time, from that of the civilians, and the short tunic remained a favorite with all classes. In the ninth century, however, the corium or corietum, a tunic-like garment, formed of hides cut into large scales, came into general use. These were frequently highly colored with red, ochre, or brown, and sometimes in two shades. The knees were bare, the stockings reaching only half way up and covered with leg-guards of woollen cloth coming from within the shoe and wound round the legs. The mantle, fastened with a buckle on the right shoulder, was also worn, but was thrown off in battle. The shields of the Anglo-Saxons varied in size from small ones to those large enough to cover the entire body. They were probably of leather, with rims and bosses of metal. The sword was generally girded upon the side, though sometimes they were fastened to the shoulder. The Anglo-Saxons seldom wore any head covering. Their hair was long and their faces generally clean shaven, though the old men wore forked beards.

## Reviews.

### SHAKESPEARE'S PREDECESSORS.\*

#### SECOND NOTICE.

Two months ago we attempted a preliminary review of Mr. Symonds' study of Shakespeare's predecessors.

We then aimed to discover its place among the contributions of the century to the interpretation of our dramatic literature; but the book fills altogether too conspicuous a position to be passed over without particularizing the merits of its method and declaring the singular charm

\* *Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama*. By John Addington Symonds. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1884.

and worth of its criticisms. Especially do we feel it necessary to emphasize the very unusual value and significance of the book since it has not received from the umpires of literary taste the attention and praise it deserves. It is everywhere noticeable to an intelligent observer that the men who confine themselves to some special arena of intellectual effort and count themselves supreme therein, are ignorant of the character, and occasionally of the existence, of some of the most useful and suggestive books that have ever been prepared upon the subject which most closely concerns them. Not long ago the writer was surprised to find that a large proportion of Shakespearean scholars, in America at least, had never read, or even seen, Paul Stapfer's *Shakespeare and classical antiquity*, the most important contribution that France has made to Shakespearean study. Now the especial and unique value of M. Stapfer's book, and in a greater measure of Mr. Symonds' new work, lies in the fact of their being the serious compositions of leaders of civilization, and hence representing the last ideas touched and conjectures hazarded by progressive criticism in its march. At a time like the present, when the advancement of knowledge is so rapid, and the subversion and transmutation of theory and creed so frequent, when the whole subject-matter of thought and the entire method of thinking, is subject to such wonderful and almost incomprehensible changes, it is indispensable—if we would progress with the age and not lag behind with the mass of society employing an obsolete vocabulary, and talking and thinking about things which have been exhausted and discarded generations ago—that we keep with the progressive men, and avoid being irrecoverably swamped by remaining always alive to the last questions asked and the latest answers proposed concerning the really grave problems and perplexities of existence. It is infinitely more important to know what Mr. John Morley, Mr. Saintsbury, and Mr. Symonds think about the origin and meaning of literary problems than to know all that has been spoken of old time. These are progressive men; they bring the whole of the past into the present, and stand, forecasting the future, upon the last rood of fertile ground reclaimed from the dark and the unknown.

If there is one fundamental principle that has been in our age more stringently insisted upon and more universally applied than any other, it is the law of development, of evolution. It has so colored the entire intellectual life of our century that the scientific instinct of the time insists, as Mr. Symonds says, upon "some demonstration of a process in the facts collected and presented by a student to the public." All the great things of mind and hand are now conceived as an organic whole, the inevitable outcome of continuous forces. Kindred to the evolution of a world or the unfolding of a flower is the expansion of the human spirit into some specific form of literature or art. There are no catastrophes or jumps in the evolution of thought any more than in the physical development of the universe; persistent, unalterable laws such as explain the one interpret also the most occult and complicated manifestations of the other. To quote Mr. Symonds: "Criticism seeks the individuality imprisoned in the germ, exhibited in the growth, exhausted in the season of decline. Critical biography sets itself to find the man himself, what made him operative, what hampered him in action, what, after all the injuries of chance and age, survives of him imperishable in the world of thoughts and things. Critical history seeks the potency of an epoch, of a nation, of an empire, of a faith; discriminates adventitious circumstances; allows for retardation, accident, and partial failure; discerns efficient factors; concentrates attention on

specific qualities; traces the germ, the growth, the efflorescence, and the dwindling of a complex organism through the lives which worked instinctively in sympathy for its effectuation." This is the scheme of modern criticism, and it is along these new and broad lines that Mr. Symonds moves in his interpretation of this great period of literary history. Three stages he finds distinctly apparent in the brief and brilliant evolution of the English drama: "The first and longest is the stage of preparation and tentative endeavor. In the second maturity is reached; the type is fixed by one great master, perfected, and presented to the world in unapproachable magnificence by one immeasurably greater. The third is a stage of decadence and dissipation; the type brought previously to perfection suffers from attempts to vary or to refine upon it." The first period is that of the miracles, moralities, and interludes, "the classical experiments of Sackville, Norton, Hughes, Gascoigne, Edwards, and their satellites; the euphuistic phantasies of Lyly, the melodramas of Kyd, Greene, and Peele, together with the first rude history plays and realistic tragedies of daily life." The first period is closed and the second inaugurated by Marlowe. Exactly when Christian legends first became the subject of scenic representation and thereby inaugurated the movement that eventuated itself in the Elizabethan theatre is unknown. After the temporary obscuration of classical culture and the ascendancy of dogmatic religion, the faded splendors of the Greek drama survived for centuries among a despised and stigmatized class of vagrant buffoons, mimes, dancers, and singers. In the long interval before the re-awakening of the antique world these forlorn, outcast *joculatores* came to occupy in mediæval society the place of jugglers and minstrels; as troubadours and trouvères they started the germ of lyric poetry; as rhapsodes, singing the heroic folk-songs of the Franks and Normans, they created an impulse toward epic poetry, the novel, and romance. While the pagan spirit in castles and among students thus preserved, however debased and obscure, the traditions of the ancient theatre, the clergy also, the only possessors of the silent wealth of Greece and Rome, were developing within monastery walls, as supplementary to the liturgy, a species of spectacular drama illustrative of the Christian mythology. And the liturgical drama begat the miracle play, which in time differentiated itself from the moral play, and as the laity encroached upon the prerogatives of the clergy, Norman-French supervened upon Latin, and was in turn supplanted by English. With each alteration the drama divested itself more of its ecclesiastical character and became more democratic and popular, until the Renaissance irradiated the Middle Ages, when, out of the bare ruins of the scaffold of the miracle plays, the resplendent stage of the Elizabethan theatre was constructed. As a water lily growing from the germ imprisoned in the blackness and slime of the lake-bed carries the potential certainty of its perfection with sure instinct toward the surface where the sunlight is, and then, expanding in peerless beauty, it floats upon the sheen of the lake and takes all heaven into the glory of stamen and petal, so precisely the drama, which is the truest manifestation of English genius, emerges from the crude and vulgar attempts to depict religious mystery, lives through change and disaster, and culminates in matchless magnificence. "This evolution corresponds exactly to the passage which society effected from the vast and comprehensive system of mediæval feudalism into the minor but more highly organized, more structurally complicated, modern states."

Very reluctantly we deny ourselves the pleasure of following in the footsteps of the critic as he analyzes

the nature and rise of comedy and tragedy, or presents his masterly exposition of the sprightly, exuberant, ebullient life that in the drama gave the grace and glimmer of romance to every object of nature and every aspect of humanity. There were men, and not drones, in England at that time. Raleigh and his colleagues were born knight errants, adventurers, as all men should be. The glamour of chivalry survived with these courtly gentlemen whose pulses were thronged with the abundant life of persistent youth. It is with a sympathetic pen that Mr. Symonds portrays the divine enthusiasm of intellectual growth among those men who made time into thought. The passionate scholarship of the Renaissance had not dwindled into the pedantic foppery of modern culture nor dried into a stupefying educational routine in which brain and heart are starved and the memory overloaded. No unwise idolatry of dead languages, nor compromises with a barbarous society which it is now deemed politic to conciliate, hindered men then, as it impedes them now, from attaining the goal of their endeavors. Mr. Symonds rebukes Matthew Arnold's judgment on the superiority of a "literature of intelligence," as the French, or the prose of the Victorian age, over a "literature of genius," like the Elizabethan drama. A "literature of intelligence" is often the natural outcome of a false and artificial system of education and life, under which all culture is book culture, and all who conform to it are deprived of the possibility of anything like complete or conscientious living. The rarer and more potent "literature of genius" is the spontaneous expression in terms of universal intelligibility, of large, generous, heroic souls. They alone can drip the tears that lay the dust of our common anguish who have themselves endured the long and painful process of the complete evolution, through shame, disaster, and mistake, of their most inner life.

Before taking final leave of the book before us we cannot forbear from quoting a specimen of Mr. Symonds' sagacious criticism and eloquent English. We choose almost at random the brief and hurried critique upon one of the most violent and unsymmetrical of domestic tragedies:

" 'This lurid little play' is the phrase by which Mr. Swinburne characterized *A Yorkshire Tragedy*. No better words could be chosen to convey its specific quality. Like the asp, it is short, ash-colored, poison-fanged, blunt headed, abrupt in movement, hissing and wriggling through the sands of human misery. Having dealt with it, we are fain to drop it, as we should a venomous thing, so concentrated is the loathing and repulsion it excites. 'Walter Calverley, of Calverley in Yorkshire, Esquire, murdered two of his young children, stabbed his wife into the body with full purpose to have murdered her, and instantly went from his home to have slain his youngest child at nurse, but was prevented. For which fact, at his trial at York, he stood mute, and was judged to be pressed to death.' This passage from Stow's *Chronicle* fully expresses the argument. All that the author did was to introduce a few subordinate characters, among whom we may reckon Calverley's colorless and over-patient wife, and to explain the motives of the crime. The play exists in and for the murderer, or rather for the devil who inspired him, for Calverley is drawn as

acting under diabolical possession. He has lost his fortune by gambling and loose living in town. His lands are mortgaged. His brother lies in prison at the University for a debt contracted at his expense. He returned to Yorkshire in a frenzy of despair and anger; the game of life has been played out; his children are beggars, his wife an insufferable incumbrance; a calenture of murderous delirium seizes him, and he wreaks his rage in a tornado of madness. The action hurls along at such furious speed, the dialogue is so hurried and choked with spasms, that no notion of the play can be gained except by rapid perusal at one sitting. We rise with the same kind of impression as that left upon our sight by a flash of lightning revealing some grim object in a night of pitchy darkness. The mental retina has been all but seared and blinded; yet the scenes discovered in that second shall not be forgotten. \* \* \* \* Stroke upon stroke, the artist stabs the metal plate on which he etches, drowning it in aquafortis till it froths."

Mr. Symonds' tendency is frequently apparent to pass from the slighter affairs of time and personality and lay hold of the grave and eternal questions that inhere in the nature of the problem he is attacking. How it came that "clairvoyance in dramatic matters," distinguished the age of Elizabeth as "clairvoyance in science" marks our own; what were the secrets of the great success of the drama and what the cause of its fall into oblivion; what power had these plays, many of which now seem so dull and dead, to instruct the English people and form their character?—upon our answers to these inquiries hang issues more stupendous than are at stake in the little difficulties that perplex the minds of antiquaries and textual critics. We are now in the most critical moment of a vast period of transition. What is there in this great body of dramatic literature to aid us in attaining the luminous order of that future into which with such infinite pains we are growing? Co-extensive with human experience, the robust Elizabethan drama has educated as efficiently and stimulated more practically than the strictly symmetrical and ideally perfect Greek drama. The most impassioned singers, the most zealous promoters of human welfare, the acutest masters of English prose in our desperate days, have found inspiration, courage, and hope in the products of the dramatists that gathered about Shakespeare. They took no false optimistic view of this bleak and godless universe. They were oppressed by no fastidious and obsolete code of morals. They knew that there was but a brief space between their noisy footfalls and eternal silence; wisely and manfully they crowded that interval of being with intense, passionate life. In the hands of genuine critics the treasures of the early drama are coined into messages that are not significant alone to the initiated of a guild, but wherever squalid misery has desiccated a mind and heart once endowed with strength and generosity, wherever gaunt thousands in the near neighborhood of heartless luxury suffer the agony of want, wherever, in the hut of penury or among the pinnacles of wealth and culture, a noble soul recoils beneath his nature at the stroke of tragedy, the spirit that taught the Elizabethans finds its eternal verification.

S.

# READING TABLE, No. 2.

## I HENRY VI.

This Table, compiled from the "Globe" Edition, shows when, and how many lines each character speaks.

Boys, Pages, Prologues, Epilogues, Choruses, Fairies are classed with the female characters.

Most of the discrepancies between the totals of the scenes in this table and those in the "Globe" are accounted for by the following :

- Where a line of verse is divided between two or more speakers, each speaker is in this table credited with a full line.
  - Where two or more persons speak together the same words, each of the speakers is in this table credited with the words.
- In the other instances the counting of the "Globe" is wrong.

Total No. of Lines.	CHARACTERS.	I.					II.					III.				IV.							V.					
		1	2	3	4	5	6	1	2	3	4	5	1	2	3	4	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5
76	BEDFORD, . . .	46	.	.	.	.	.	6	10	.	.	.	.	14	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
183	GLOUCESTER, . .	24	.	.	42	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	51	.	.	1	36	.	.	.	.	.	.	18	.	.	11	.
59	EXETER, . . .	22	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	15	.	.	.	14	.	.	.	.	.	.	6	.	.	2	.
96	WINCHESTER, . .	15	.	.	19	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	32	.	.	.	1	.	.	.	.	.	.	11	.	.	18	.
43	1ST MESSENGER, .	18	.	.	.	4	.	.	9	6	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	6	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
7	2D MESSENGER, .	7	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
45	3D MESSENGER, .	45	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
133	CHARLES, . . .	48	.	.	.	.	.	22	12	.	.	.	.	5	12	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	11	.	7	.	16	.
49	ALENÇON, . . .	18	.	.	.	.	.	2	8	.	.	.	.	1	7	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	2	.	.	11	.
59	REIGNIER, . . .	21	.	.	.	.	.	4	4	.	.	.	.	6	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	20	.	4	.
29	BASTARD, . . .	13	.	.	.	.	.	4	.	.	.	.	.	5	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	4	.	.	20	4	.
3	1ST WARDER, . .	.	.	3	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
10	1ST SERVANT, . .	.	.	4	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	5	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1	.	.	.	.	.
1	2D WARDER, . .	.	.	1	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
5	WOODVILLE, . .	.	.	5	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
21	MAYOR, . . .	.	.	.	11	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	10	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
6	OFFICER, . . .	.	.	6	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
18	MASTER GUNNER, .	.	.	.	18	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
15	SALISBURY, . . .	.	.	.	15	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
406	TALBOT, . . .	67	32	.	.	.	.	20	28	33	.	.	.	56	12	.	33	29	.	.	.	.	24	41	31	.	.	.
2	GARGRAVE, . . .	.	.	2	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
1	GLANDALE, . . .	.	.	1	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
4	SERGEANT, . . .	.	.	.	.	4	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
4	1ST SENTINEL, . .	.	.	.	.	6	12	.	.	.	.	.	.	9	12	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	3	.	2	.	.	.
44	BURGUNDY, . . .	.	.	.	.	4	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	3	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
7	SOLDIER, . . .	.	.	.	.	1	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	3	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
6	CAPTAIN, . . .	.	.	.	.	.	1	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	2	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
1	PORTER, . . .	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
184	PLANTAGENET, . .	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	45	37	.	.	9	.	.	.	9	27	.	.	.	.	.	.	10	47	.	.
174	SUFFOLK, . . .	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	11	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	103	.	.	60
72	WARWICK, . . .	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	27	.	.	.	26	.	.	.	4	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	15	.
64	SOMERSET, . . .	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	37	.	.	.	5	.	.	.	5	.	17	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
29	VERNON, . . .	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	11	.	.	.	.	.	.	8	10	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
4	LAWYER, . . .	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	4	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
88	MORTIMER, . . .	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	88	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
4	1ST GAOLER, . . .	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	4	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
4	2D SERVANT, . . .	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	2	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
2	3D SERVANT, . . .	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
10	"ALL," . . .	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	10	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
2	WATCH, . . .	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
8	FASTOLFE, . . .	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	4	.	.	4	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
25	BASSET, . . .	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	4	10	.	15	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
27	GENERAL, . . .	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	27	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
77	LUCY, . . .	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	20	27	.	.	.	30	.	.	.	.	.
47	JOHN TALBOT, . .	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	31	16	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
1	LEGATE, . . .	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1	.	.	.	.
5	SCOUT, . . .	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	5	.	.	.
24	SHEPHERD, . . .	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	24	.
254	JOAN, . . .	.	.	50	.	.	7	3	12	.	.	.	.	30	57	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	16	.	5	34	40	.
4	BOY, . . .	.	.	.	.	4	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
45	COUNTESS, . . .	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	45	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
179	KING, . . .	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	41	.	.	14	63	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	26	.	.	35
33	MARGARET, . . .	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	33	.	.
2696		177	150	91	111	39	31	84	60	85	135	129	207	138	91	45	194	56	53	46	55	57	96	62	21	200	175	108
2677	Act. Num. of Lines.	177	150	91	111	39	31	81	60	82	134	129	201	137	91	45	194	56	53	46	55	57	96	62	21	195	175	108

Scheme for grouping the parts with eighteen men. Seven single characters and eleven groups.

Bedford, 76	Exeter, 59	Somerset, 64	Warwick, 72	John Talbot, 47	Fastolfe, 8
Gargrave, 2	Salisbury, 15	Master Gunner, 18	Captain, 6	Bastard, 29	Shepherd, 24
Legate, 1	Sergeant, 4	Watch, 2	Scout, 5	2d Messenger, 7	1st Messenger, 43
1st Warder, 3	Officer, 6			2d Servant, 2	1st Servant, 10
Lucy, 77	Mayor, 21	Woodville, 5	Basset, 25	General, 27	
Glandale, 1	Reignier, 59	Vernon, 29	Alençon, 49	Soldier, 7	
Porter, 1	Lawyer, 4	Burgundy, 44	3d Servant, 10	2d Warder, 1	
1st Sentinel, 4		1st Gaoler, 4		3d Messenger, 45	

## Miscellany.

Miss Ward will play Lady Macbeth in Melbourne during August.

Scribner & Welford have just issued *Notes and Essays on Shakespeare*, by John W. Hales.

Mr. Henry Irving's next Shakespearian revival at the Lyceum Theatre, London, will be *King John*.

The opera of *Hamlet* was sung to an intensely appreciative audience at the Old Theatre, Leipzig, on the 5th of July last.

Mr. Richard Grant White's series of articles on *The Anatomizing of Shakespeare* will come to an end in the September *Atlantic*.

M. Richepin, the author of *Les Blasphemes*, whose translation of *Macbeth* is the one used by Sara Bernhardt, is preparing a translation of *Romeo and Juliet* for the same actress.

Daniel E. Bandman and Louise Beaudet will play *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, *Merchant of Venice*, and *Richard III* at the Grand Opera House, San Francisco, during the latter part of August.

Simpkin, Marshall & Co. announce a reprint of Shakespeare's separate plays, from the folio of 1623, retaining the original spelling, italics, and initial capitals. The volumes will appear monthly at eighteen pence each.

By recent changes in the courses of the Punjab University Bachelors of Arts will be obliged to read *Hamlet*, together with several other English classics, while the Masters of Arts will read *Julius Caesar*, *Lear*, and *As You Like It*.

Messrs. Trübner & Co. have recently issued a volume of essays entitled *A New Study of Shakespeare: An inquiry into the connection of the Plays and Poems, with the origin of the Classical Drama, and with the Platonic Philosophy, through the Mysteries*.

*Twelfth Night* has been temporarily withdrawn from the Lyceum Theatre and the building closed, owing partly to the sickness of Miss Ella Terry, resulting from vaccination, and partly because Viola had not been studied by any other member of Mr. Irving's company.

Messrs. Harper & Bros. will issue early in the autumn a new edition of Rolfe's *Shakespeare* in twenty volumes. The plays will appear two in a volume, and will be arranged in an approximately chronological order. It will be called "The Friendly Edition," a name suggested by Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke.

Mr. Samuel Brandram, who has acquired great celebrity in England as a Shakespearian reciter, is now in New York, and will give entertainments in the principal cities of the United States and Canada this fall. His manner of relying entirely on his memory is said to be very effective. N.

Mrs. Henry Pott and a number of noted Baconians have recently formed a Baco-Shakespeare Society in London. About one hundred were present at the preliminary meeting of the Society, which proposes to print papers read before it and to hold regular sessions hereafter on the model of the New Shakspeare Society.

The *Shakespearian Show Book*, with contributions, literary, artistic, and musical, by a host of eminent people—Tennyson, Browning, "Violet Fane," Oscar Wilde, Caldicott, Walter Crane, Thomas Faed, Val. Prinsep, F. H. Cowler, etc., etc.—issued for the benefit of the "Chelsea Hospital for Women," has already become scarce in England.

The latest would-be sensation in New York is the production of *Othello* by a company of colored amateurs at the Cosmopolitan Theatre. While the intention is probably to burlesque, the reality is not so, for the men enter into the spirit of the play as best they can. Benford, as Othello, and J. A. Arneaux, as Iago, are fairly good, and the audience were reduced to geying the Roderigo of J. S. Webster and the Brabantio of C. F. Chinn. The performance, however, is not patronized by the better class of negroes.

Shakespeare is to be the central theme of the literary courses at John Hopkins University next year. Professor Corson, of Cornell, will deliver a course of twenty lectures, in which he will treat Shakespeare from the strictly human side; while other lecturers will treat of the scholastic side, the chronology and bibliography of the plays, the Elizabethan English exhibited in the plays and in the contemporary drama, etc., etc. The course promises to be a very thorough one, and worthy of the most careful attention of all Shakespearian students.

A Bible, purporting to contain two signatures written by Shakespeare, has been recently found at Manchester, England. It was purchased thirty years ago by the late William Sharp. One of the signatures is written on the inside of the end cover and reads, "William Shakespeare off S X O X A his Bible 1613," while the other, written on the reversed title of the New Testament, is "William Shakspeare 1614." They do not resemble any of the five authentic signatures, but are both remarkably like that on the title-page of Florio's *Montaigne*, now in the British Museum. They will be submitted to a critical examination by the authorities of the British Museum.